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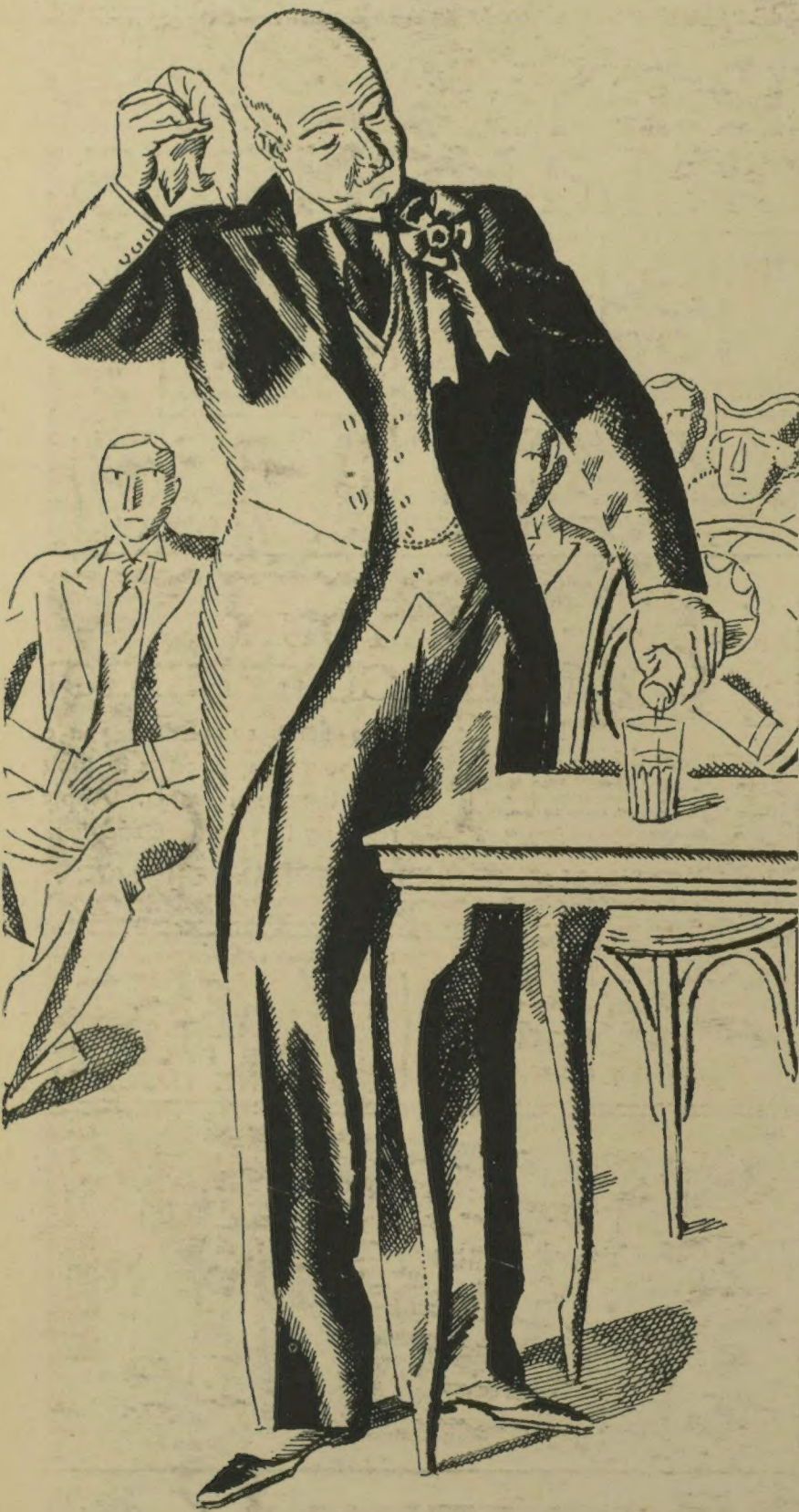
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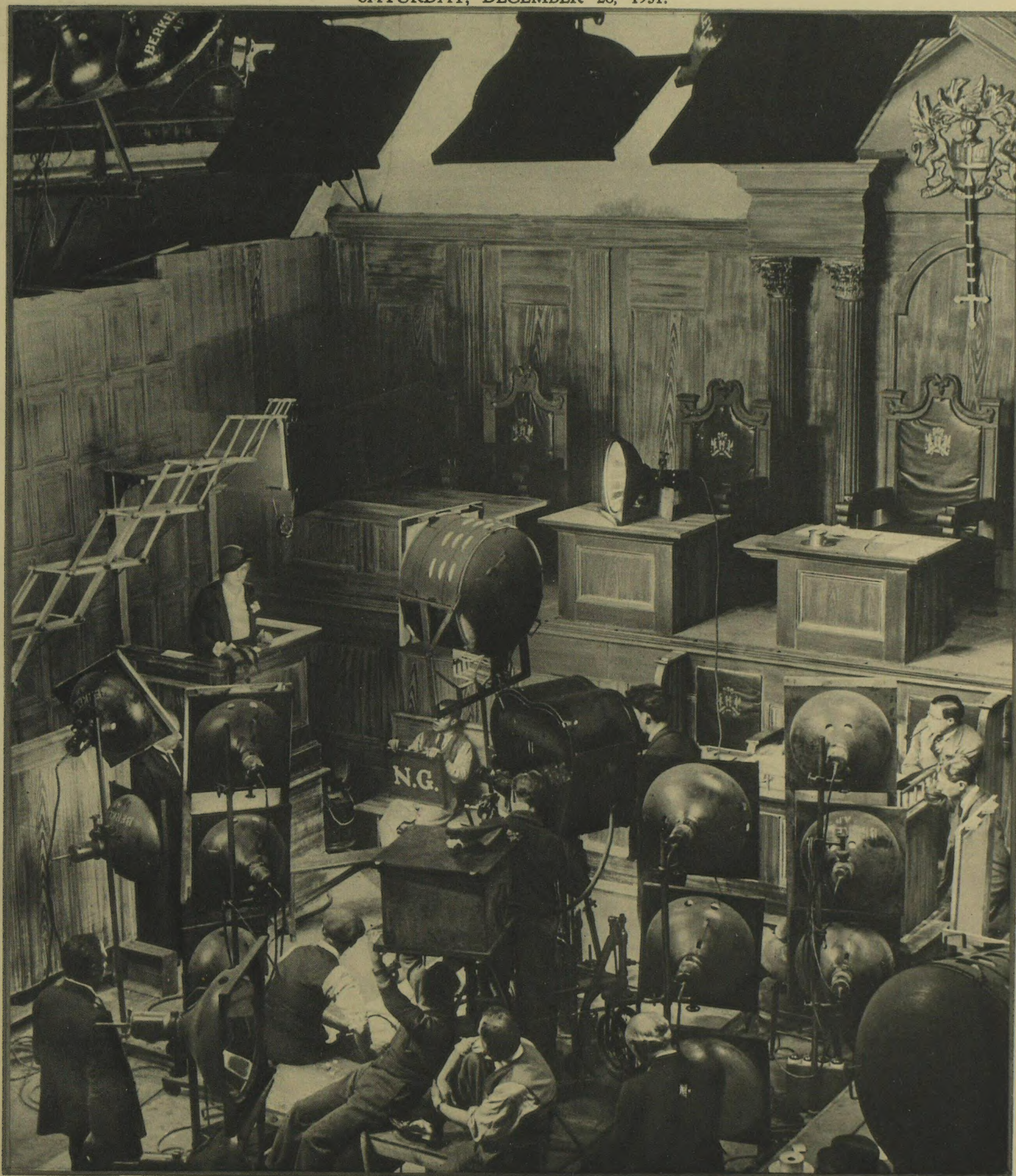
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1931.



**ORDEAL BY LIGHT: A "WITNESS AT THE OLD BAILEY" FACING ELECTRIC LAMPS AND MICROPHONE DURING THE TAKING OF CRIMINAL COURT TRIAL SCENES FOR A SOUND-FILM.**

With this photograph before one, it is easy to imagine that Ordeal by Light during the taking of a sound-film may be almost as nerve-racking as what may be called Ordeal by Jury: the comparison is apt, for a "witness at the Old Bailey" is the central figure in the picture. She is in the box, as though facing a cross-examination, confronted by the glare from a score or more of high-powered electric lamps while the cine-camera and the sound-apparatus are recording her performance. The microphone can be seen in front of her,

suspended over her head from a "lazy-tongs." Near the foot of the witness-box an assistant is seen holding a board which bears the letters "N.C." ("Not Good"). This is turned towards the camera and photographed on to any part of the film which has not met with the director's approval, and therefore will have to be scrapped. Our photograph was taken at Elstree during the production of "Betrayal," a new sound-film written by Messrs. Reginald Fogwell and Herbert Griffiths. The witness in the box is Miss Marjorie Hume.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE approach to Christmas I have personally been privileged to pass in the society of a gentleman known as Geoffrey Chaucer. He was, upon due occasion, solemnly proclaimed, as with heraldic trumpet and tabard, to be a gentleman; and the extraordinary part of it is that he certainly was a gentleman, although (if the dark secret may be revealed) undoubtedly connected with the wine trade. But he had also a habit of dropping into poetry, which has caused his name to linger to later times, and has caused certain publishers to write to me from time to time to ask whether I have finished writing a book about him which I rashly undertook to write. I have just finished it, and am naturally in a mood for a Christmas holiday. But the strange thing is that I do not feel specially in a mood to part with Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer. I do not desire to boot Mr. Chaucer out, to kick him downstairs, to hurl him from the window, and so on, as I normally do with the unfortunate persons about whom I have to earn my living by writing books. Mr. Chaucer still seems a nice person to have about the place, and it dawns on me that the nearest way of describing him is to say that he is very appropriate to Christmas. I am well aware that his great work starts in April, with its showers sweet, which some people do not think so sweet, after all. But he had two great Christmas qualities, perhaps even more than Dickens had them. He was an extraordinary man who could make friends with ordinary men. And he was an extraordinary man who was also an ordinary man, and could even look like an ordinary man.

Chaucer was, above all, an artist; and he was one of that fairly large and very happy band of artists who are not troubled with the artistic temperament. Perhaps there was never a less typical poet, as a poet was understood in the Byronic tradition of dark passions and tempestuous raiment. But, indeed, that Byronic generalisation was largely founded upon Byron, or rather, on a blunder about Byron. It would be much truer to say that practically every type of human being has been also a poet, and that Byron was a Regency Buck plus poetry. Similarly, Goethe was a German professor plus poetry, and Browning was a rather commercial-looking bourgeois plus poetry, and Heine was a cynical Jew plus poetry, and Scott was a rather acquisitive gentleman farmer plus poetry, and Villon was a pickpocket plus poetry, and Wordsworth was a noodle plus poetry, and Walt Whitman was an American loafer plus poetry—for, in the art of loafing, Weary Willie could never have stood up against Unweary Walt. I have not yet heard of an American dentist or a shop-walker in a large draper's who is a poet, but I have no doubt that both of these deficiencies will soon be supplied. Anyhow, the general rule is that almost any trade or type of man can be an artist—yes, even an aesthete.

But once or twice there appears in history the artist who is the extreme antithesis of the aesthete. An artist of this kind was Geoffrey Chaucer. He was a man who always made himself useful, and not only ornamental. People trusted him, not only in the moral, but in the more purely practical sense. He was not the sort of poet who would forget to post a letter, or post an unstamped ode to the cuckoo instead, had the penny postage existed in his day. He was not only given many responsible posts, but responsible posts of many kinds. At one time he was sent to negotiate the delicate finances of ransom and

peace with a great prince. At another time he was sent to oversee the builders and workmen in the construction of a great public building. It has been conjectured that he had some technical knowledge of architecture, and I think the descriptions of various pagan temples and royal palaces in his poems support the conjecture. It is certain that he knew a good deal about the official precedence and etiquette of the Chamberlain's Office; he was a

of figures. He never seemed to have felt any particular strain or dislocation between the world in which he was a man of the world and that other world of which he was one of the immortals. He had that sort of temper in which there is no antithesis of Sense and Sensibility. He does not seem to have quarrelled with many people, even in that very quarrelsome transition time; and he does not seem to have quarrelled with himself. Being a Christian, he was ready to accuse himself when he was seriously considering the question; but that is something quite different from the sort of constant unconscious friction between different parts of the mind which has marred the happiness of so many artists and poets.

I do not mean merely that the poetry of Chaucer, like the poetry of Dante, was in the higher sense a harmony. I mean that it was in the ordinary human sense a melody. It remained not only unspoilt, but unmixed; uncomplicated by the complexities of living, whether they were actually there or no. It is unfortunate that the word "mood" is almost always used of a sombre or secretive mood; and that we do not convey the idea that a man was in merry mood when we say merely that he was moody. For there was truly a special thing that may be called the Chaucerian mood, and it was essentially merry. There are any number of passages of pathos, and one or two passages of tragedy, but they never make us feel that the mood has really altered, and it seems as if the man speaking is always smiling as he speaks. In other words, the thing which is supremely Chaucerian is the Chaucerian atmosphere, an atmosphere which penetrates through all particular persons and problems; a sort of diffused light which lies on everything, whether tragic or comic, and prevents the tragedy from being hopeless or the comedy from being cruel. No art critic, however artistic, has ever succeeded in describing an atmosphere. The only way to approach it is to compare it with another atmosphere. And this Chaucerian mood is very like the mood in which (before it became merely vulgarised by cant or commercialism) some of the greatest of modern English writers have praised Christmas.

Chaucer was wide enough to be narrow; that is, he could bring a broad experience of life to the enjoyment of local or even accidental things. Now, it is the chief defect of the literature of to-day that it always talks as if local things could only be limiting, not to say strangling; and that anything like an accident could only be a jar. A Christmas dinner, as described by a modern minor poet, would almost certainly be a study in acute agony: the unendurable dullness of Uncle George; the cacophonous voice of Aunt Adelaide. But Chaucer, who sat down at the table with the Miller and the Pardoner, could have sat down to a Christmas dinner with the heaviest uncle or the shrillest aunt. He might have been amused at them, but he would never have been angered by them, and certainly he would never have insulted them in irritable little poems. And the reason was partly spiritual and partly practical; spiritual because he had, whatever his faults, a scheme of spiritual values in their right order, and knew that Christmas was more important than Uncle George's anecdotes; and practical because he had seen the great world of human beings, and knew that wherever a man wanders among men, in Flanders or France or Italy, he will find that the world largely consists of Uncle Georges. This imaginative patience is the thing that men want most in the modern Christmas, and if they wish to learn it I recommend them to read Chaucer.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: "A BOY PLAYING THE BAGPIPES."—IN ENAMELLED TERRA-COTTA; SCHOOL OF ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA.

This delightful statuette of "A Boy Playing the Bagpipes" was presented by the Prince Consort in 1858. Its previous history is unknown, but in all probability it came from the cornice of a Nativity altar-piece; though it may have been a separate genre figure. It is made of the enamelled terra-cotta first used in sculpture by Luca della Robbia, who was working in Florence during the greater part of the fifteenth century. At his death his workshop was carried on by his nephew and pupil, Andrea (1435-1525), and it was under Andrea's inspiration that this charming figure was made, somewhere about the year 1500. It height is 15½ inches. The Museum is fortunate in possessing a collection of works by the Della Robbia family at least as fine as any to be found outside Italy.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

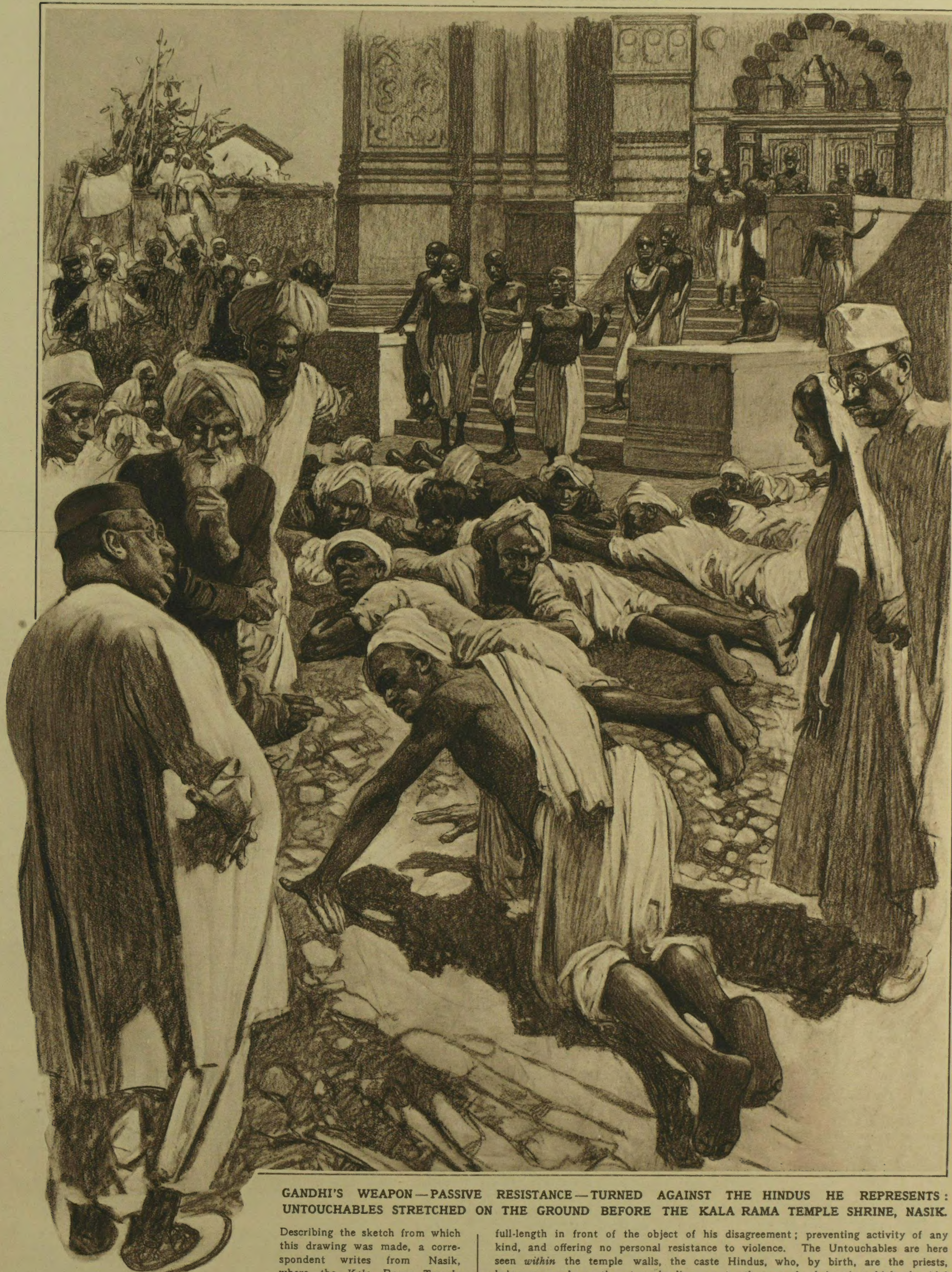
witness upon a point of heraldry in an important trial. Though his relations to the Court, during and after the débâcle of Richard the Second, are covered with some obscurity, it is certain that, for the greater part of his life at least, he performed job after job, of the most quaintly different kinds, to the increasing satisfaction of his employers. He was emphatically, as the vulgar phrase goes, a man of the world.

But through all these tasks the lyric element flowed out of him quite naturally, as a man will whistle or sing while he is potting a shrub or adding up a column



# UNTOUCHABLES IN REVOLT AGAINST CASTE HINDUS: "SATYAGRAHA."

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT AT NASIK.



**GANDHI'S WEAPON—PASSIVE RESISTANCE—TURNED AGAINST THE HINDUS HE REPRESENTS: UNTOUCHABLES STRETCHED ON THE GROUND BEFORE THE KALA RAMA TEMPLE SHRINE, NASIK.**

Describing the sketch from which this drawing was made, a correspondent writes from Nasik, where the Kala Rama Temple

has become a centre of the Hindu Untouchables' agitation for the right to enter certain temples forbidden to them: "The sketch depicts the 'Satyagraha' movement of the Untouchables, which is causing considerable stir throughout India. This is now proceeding at Nasik. 'Satyagraha' is passive resistance as formulated by Gandhi, and it is only in the fitness of things that the very method of 'peaceful interference' exploited by Gandhi and the Congress against us should now be turned against those classes of caste Hindus which he represents. The passive resister—called a 'Satyagrahi'—conducts his campaign by stretching

full-length in front of the object of his disagreement; preventing activity of any kind, and offering no personal resistance to violence. The Untouchables are here seen *within* the temple walls, the caste Hindus, who, by birth, are the priests, being grouped on the steps leading up to the actual shrine in which the idol of the temple's particular divinity is housed. Normally, Untouchables are allowed up to these steps; but they may not ascend, as their very presence is a 'pollution.' The priests, however, have now closed the outer gates in the temple walls. (A part of these is seen on the left, separating the temple compound from the surrounding houses.) A police cordon has also been drawn up, thus preventing the Untouchables from even entering the compound of the temple. The 'Satyagrahis,' however, lay prostrate outside the gates, thus preventing the caste Hindus from temple activities, and so achieving their object."





WORKERS IN BRASS AND LAC: THE DECORATION OF POTS BY PRESSING SEALING-WAX INTO THE DESIGNS ENGRAVED IN THE BRASS—A CRAFT OF NORTHERN INDIA.

OUR readers will remember that in our issue of February 21 we reproduced a selection of Indian paintings by Stowitts from the exhibition which he held in Paris. In these two pages we give a further selection from those works, thus beginning a new series of Stowitts paintings to be published in "The Illustrated London News" from time to time. Our readers will also be interested to learn that the artist is holding an exhibition of the same hundred and fifty paintings at the Royal Colonial Institute, Amsterdam, from December 1, 1931, to January 17, 1932, and at the Royal Museum in Brussels in February; and, moreover, that these paintings are to be shown in London, where, obviously, they will be welcomed, in the spring of 1932, on a date not yet fixed. These 150 works, which have

(Continued on No. 2.)



A FIGURE OF GANESHA BEING MODELLED BY A SCULPTOR: THE GOD OF WORLDLY WISDOM, SON OF SIVA AND PARVATI, WHOSE ELEPHANT'S HEAD SYMBOLISES HIS SAGACITY.



A CUTTER OF PRECIOUS STONES: THE CRAFTSMAN OF THE EMERY WHEEL, BY WHICH THE STONES ARE CUT EITHER, CAROONIAN FASHION OR IN FACETS; THE STONE BEING ATTACHED WITH SEALING-WAX TO THE END OF THE STICK.

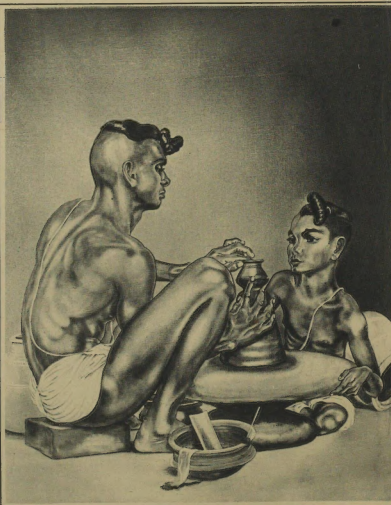
## VANISHING TYPES AND TRADES OF NATIVE ARTISTS PLYING

all been executed in India, will be reproduced in a forthcoming edition, "Vanishing India," by Stowitts. An excellent impression of the beauty of the paintings can be gained from the coloured reproductions of some of the series called "The Pantheon of Java," by the same artist, published in our issue of November 14, and in "The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number, 1931. Those of the Indian series have, as our reproductions prove,

(Continued on No. 3.)



THE COBBLER'S FAMILY, HOLDING THE SHOES WITH THE FEET AND SEWING WITH THE HANDS: THREE GENERATIONS MAKING THE FAMOUS SHOES OF JAIPUR—BEAUTIFUL WORKMANSHIP IN EMBROIDERED SILKS AND GOLD THREAD.



A POTTER OF TRAVANCORE WITH HIS APPRENTICE: DESCENDANTS OF THE BRAHMAN, AS IS INDICATED BY THE SACRED THREAD WORN BOTH BY THE POTTER AND BY THE APPRENTICE WHO TURNS THE WHEEL.

a fourfold interest, apart from their great artistic merit. In the first place, they are of value to ethnography, in that they establish permanent documents of the arts and crafts which are disappearing; secondly, to anthropology, in preserving portraits of representative types of races which are dying out; thirdly, to geography, in showing the infinite diversity of races and customs from the Himalaya to Ceylon; and, lastly, to history, for they present only the true India which has escaped Western influence. All these aspects are emphasised by the artist himself, who undertook the work for the purpose of making an ethnographic record and expressly desires the paintings to be viewed for their scientific rather than for their artistic

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY STOWITTS. REPRODUCED BY

## OF INDIA: STOWITTS PICTURES THEIR AGE-OLD CRAFTS.



A SETTER OF PRECIOUS STONES, WHOSE ART IS LOST TO ALL BUT A FEW FAMILIES IN JAIPUR: PUSHING LAYERS OF GOLD FOIL ROUND THE EDGE OF THE STONES WITH HEATED INSTRUMENTS.



A BRASS-ENGRAVER: AN OLD MAN, WHO WAS A MASTER CRAFTSMAN AND TEACHER AT THE JAIPUR SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS, CARVING A LARGE TEA-TRAY FOR ONE OF THE NOBLES.

value. Intensely interested for many years in the Hindu philosophy, Stowitts conceived the plan of recording the manifold life which that philosophy permeates before it disappeared for ever under the influence of the West. For two years he wandered throughout India, from Kashmir to Ceylon, sometimes as an honoured guest in the Courts of Rajahs, sometimes accepting the hospitality of humble Indian craftsmen. Wherever he went he found subjects for his art, and those who sat for him include the highest and the lowest in the land. It was only by enlisting the help and sympathy of Indian Princes, and of those who were free of the typical Indian superstitions, that he was able to find sitters among the craftsmen and

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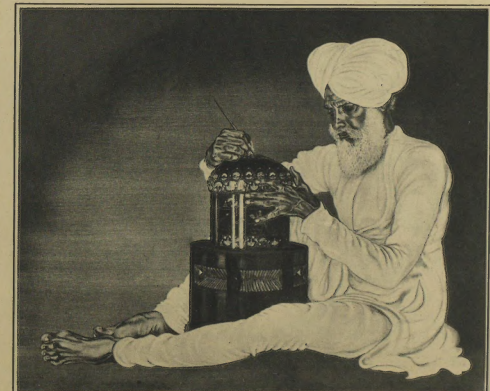
(Continued on No. 3.)



A SHUKAWATA WOOD-CARVER: ONE OF A CLASS WHICH DOES THE FINEST WOOD-CARVING IN INDIA, IN A DISTANT VILLAGE IN THE GREAT INDIAN DESERT.



AN INDUSTRY WHICH HAS ALMOST DISAPPEARED: CHALIYAN WEAVERS WEAVING MATS WITH HEMP AND WORKING ON LOOMS WHICH WERE SET UP SPECIALLY FOR THIS PAINTING.



LAC ETCHING, WHICH IS PRACTICALLY A LOST ART: THE ETCHER PUTTING LAYER AFTER LAYER OF COLOURED LAC ON A ROUND BOX, THEN SCRATCHING A DESIGN THROUGH THE LACQUER TO THE DEPTH OF COLOUR DESIRED.

graved in the brass, and heat the inside of the vessel just at the point where the colour is to be applied on the outside. The painting of the Travancore potters well illustrates Stowitts's brilliant characterisation, for he gives perfect expression to the racial distinction between these men of the South and, for instance, the craftsmen of Jaipur. The picture of the setter of precious stones was one of those which we published in our issue of February 21. His is the art which was much copied by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. The Shukawata wood-carver plies his trade in the depths of the Indian desert, where no trees grow, and all the wood must be imported. This is because the patrons of the wood-carvers are rich bankers and money-lenders who have retreated to the desert, where they are immune from attacks of robbers.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## "FEAR," LORD LATHOM'S LAST PLAY.—THE CHRISTMAS MENU.

"FEAR," which is now running successfully at the Little Theatre, is the last and best play of the late Earl of Lathom, and raises the wistful thought that his premature death deprived us of growing and powerful talent. It was produced a couple of years ago by a Sunday society, but it passed almost into oblivion. There was something amiss in the conclusion, and shortly before his death the author remodelled the last act and contrived a logical happy ending. Yet it lay fallow until Mr. Jack de Leon and Mr. Neilson-Terry remembered it, and revived it for a week at "Q." The result was astonishing. "Fear" proved too good to be lost; it gave Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry and his wife a great opportunity, and promptly it was decided to transfer it to the centre. The first night was triumphant; posthumous recognition of the author, an ovation for the chief actor.

At a first glance, "Fear" belongs to the genre which we call "Grand Guignol," but which the founder of the new school, André de Lorde, more aptly christened the "Drama of Terror," its obvious purpose being to enthrall the audience by mysterious, awe-inspiring events in dramatic form. Generally, these plays merely aimed at effect, and the characterisation was subservient to the creation of nerve-racking, sensational situations. But "Fear" goes much deeper than that. It is a tragic, penetrating study of a human character, apparently normal and even aggressively courageous, yet ruled, cowed, and de-stabilised by the innate inhibitions of shyness and nameless anxieties.

The author treated it as a pathological case, complete with two doctors, excellently drawn, the one in the convinced, experienced manner of the general practitioner who "knows his fare," the other authoritative in the rapid and brilliant premonition of his diagnosis. Besides these two collateral personages, there is a housekeeper, a clerk, and a society chatterbox, just to fill in time and afford a little comic relief. They do not matter; they spoil nothing. The drama lies entirely in the hands of Mr. Neilson-Terry and his wife, Miss Mary Glynné, who, in a difficult part, plays, as it were, the guardian angel of her husband, who lulls his brain-storms and, in the end, by an act of courage, brings him back to reason. Mr. Terry's task is stupendous. From the beginning to the end he is a being writhing within in fear, yet without, when his wife and others are present, making a bland face and figuring as a fine hero of a man. When he visited the haunted house in which there was a room fatal to all occupants, the very fact that he was warned not to take it, the very imploration of his wife, spurred him to braggadocio. He was deadly afraid of the room, yet he would occupy it, and before doing so his nerves and his mind were in so abnormal a state that his wife sent for a specialist, who advised change of air. "To-morrow," said the patient; "there is really nothing the matter with me." And to himself he whispered, though trembling in every

fibre: "To-morrow, after a night in the haunted room." His wife besought him in vain not to risk the strain; she invoked God and religion, and he, an agnostic, said: "Give me a sign, and I will believe," and then he went upstairs.

Nothing could describe his agony in that empty room in which moonshine projected every shadow on the walls,



THE REVIVAL OF "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES" AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE: (L. TO R.) MR. ALAN TROTTER AS PERCY; MR. D. MORLAND GRAHAM AS JOYCE, THE BUTLER; MR. ANMER HALL AS BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH (THE PART CREATED BY JOHN HARE); AND MISS ATHENE SEYLER AS MRS. GOLDFINCH.

while outside the wind howled and the leaves chattered against the burst and broken window-panes. Terror seized him, like a wild beast its prey; his brain fevered; his brow was aglow with the sweat of agony; his parched throat uttered raucous sounds of anguish, hallucinations, strangulating oppression. A maniac in a padded cell would not offer a sadder picture of human misery and deterioration. As he broke down, exhausted, spent, almost unconscious, his wife burst the door, tended him in her fond embrace, exhorted him to pray. And then the miracle happened. He became becalmed and, as if moved by divine inspiration, he found solace and salvation in the Lord's Prayer—upon which the curtain fell, leaving the audience breathless and moved beyond words. Such intense acting has not been seen on the London stage since the days of Irving, and Charles Warner in "Drink." Yet, as the material strengthened the actor's hands, it could not be said that this was melodramatic acting in the current acceptance of the word. It was much more than that. It was a psychological manifestation in the fullest sense of the words. Mr. Terry himself says: "As to the acting, I never at any time, while on the stage, feel that I am anyone else but the young man of the haunted room. Of course, like every actor of experience, I carry out the technique instinctively; but the whole voltage of nervous energy and emotional excitement goes through me just as if it was I myself who was suffering. I am quite sure, too, that this is the only way such a part can be acted. A moment of conscious humbug, which might not matter in a broadly spectacular drama, would spoil the effect at once." And everyone who was present agreed with him. Only a true artist could give a portrayal of the neurotic man so intense, so closely observed, so acutely approaching reality. He was no longer the versatile actor we all know; he had merged into the character; he had studied and absorbed all the phases of obsession by fear, a very common human ailment; he was the sufferer in all his tribulations, his unspeakable mental distress, his desperate inner conflict between reason and madness. He was, in fine, the patient vivisectioned before our eyes, the incarnation of a human soul torn, drawn, quartered, until the magic of belief and the loving arms of his wife soothed his senses to normality. Withal an achievement of supreme histrionic importance.

Away with gloom, long faces, and despair! Christmas comes but once a year, a season of good cheer, a season when we can forget and remember; when we can laugh in good companionship and bid the everyday routine a brief adieu. There are times when the essential need is bracing laughter, for who laughs heartily has shaken himself free from the tyranny of the clock. He has not lost perspective, and has vitality to spare. This Christmas especially we need to go on holiday, to pack up our troubles, forget figures and politics with their depressing insistencies, and get back to the gold standard of happy thinking. Let us put on the magical five-league boots of fancy and outstrip for a little while the clogs of fact. Let us all go into vacation, flinging off the cares of the moment like an old coat, and put on motley. "Motley's the only wear,"

said the wise Jaques. Let us go to the theatre in a party spirit. The theatre is ready and in the mood.

Pantomime for Christmas—pantomime that makes kiddies of us all. There are pantomimes from Woolwich to Hammersmith, all tinsel and glitter, pasteboard and limelight, full of clowning and posing with a good moral to satisfy the most Puritan among us. Whether we live in Kensington or Kennington, we can enjoy the joyous adventures of Dick Whittington. Is there a youngster who does not envy the Lord Mayor's coach? Miss Dorothy Dickson at the Garrick will boldly give the answer. At the Lyceum, Cinderella will lose her silver slipper so that a fairy Prince may find it; while a red-nosed, loud-voiced, irrepressible Dame, Mr. George Jackley, will so storm the battlements of seriousness with his thunderous absurdities that, in the face of such a hail, one must surrender. Laughter in the Lyceum is like a boisterous gale toppling over the apple-carts of philosophy with glee. Down at Hammersmith Sir Nigel Playfair, with the "Open Sesame" of the Lyric tradition which gracefully and grotesquely combines fantasy, fashion, and fun, with quaint airs, puts on his first pantomime, and Aladdin's lamp is sure to glow brightly.

Peter Pan is a welcome perennial, and in the afternoons we may meet him at the



MR. HENRY AINLEY IN THE REVIVAL OF "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES," WHICH BEGAN A SERIES OF MATINÉE PERFORMANCES AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE ON DECEMBER 21: A STRIKING MAKE-UP AS UNCLE GREGORY—"THE MAN FRA SHEFFIELD."

Palladium. The dust may gather on all else: Sir James Barrie has written but one "Peter Pan." At the Scala all the adventures of "Alf's Button," that modern Arabian Nights Tale of Mr. W. A. Darlington, will be retold; and at the tiny Grafton, further along the Tottenham Court Road, Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay will charm the babes with Andersen's fairy-tales. At the Strand Messrs. Henson and Howard will clown in "It's a Girl." These comedians are national assets. At the Gaiety and at the Prince Edward you can meet either Stanley or Barry Lupino; and there is nothing in frivolity for a Lapino to learn. The Winter Garden is to have a Gracie Fields revue. Lancashire knows how to laugh. Aye, and Yorkshire too, at His Majesty's, for Oakroyd and his good companions know the virtues of humour. At the Shaftesbury Mr. Baskcombe in "The Midshipmaid" squeezes laughter out of Longfellow so absurdly that the most vinegar-faced must smile. At the Duchess Falstaff treads the boards, and "The Merry Wives" make rare Christmas company. The old familiar farce, "When Knights Were Bold," comes to the Duke of York's with Bromley Challoner; and at the Savoy A. A. Milne delightfully fantasticates in the afternoon with "Toad of Toad Hall"; while "Tons of Money," the famous Aldwych farce, fills the evening bill. There is sure to be a pilgrimage of excited little folk with their elders to "The Windmill Man" at the Victoria Palace and "Where the Rainbow Ends" at the Holborn. And at the Piccadilly the nigger minstrels will sing and indulge in wise-cracks.

Ring up the curtain! The Christmas fare may be varied, but it is all palatable. Let us hie to pantomime or revue, farce or fantasy, where we can laugh without bitterness. They offer a medicine that will do us all good.

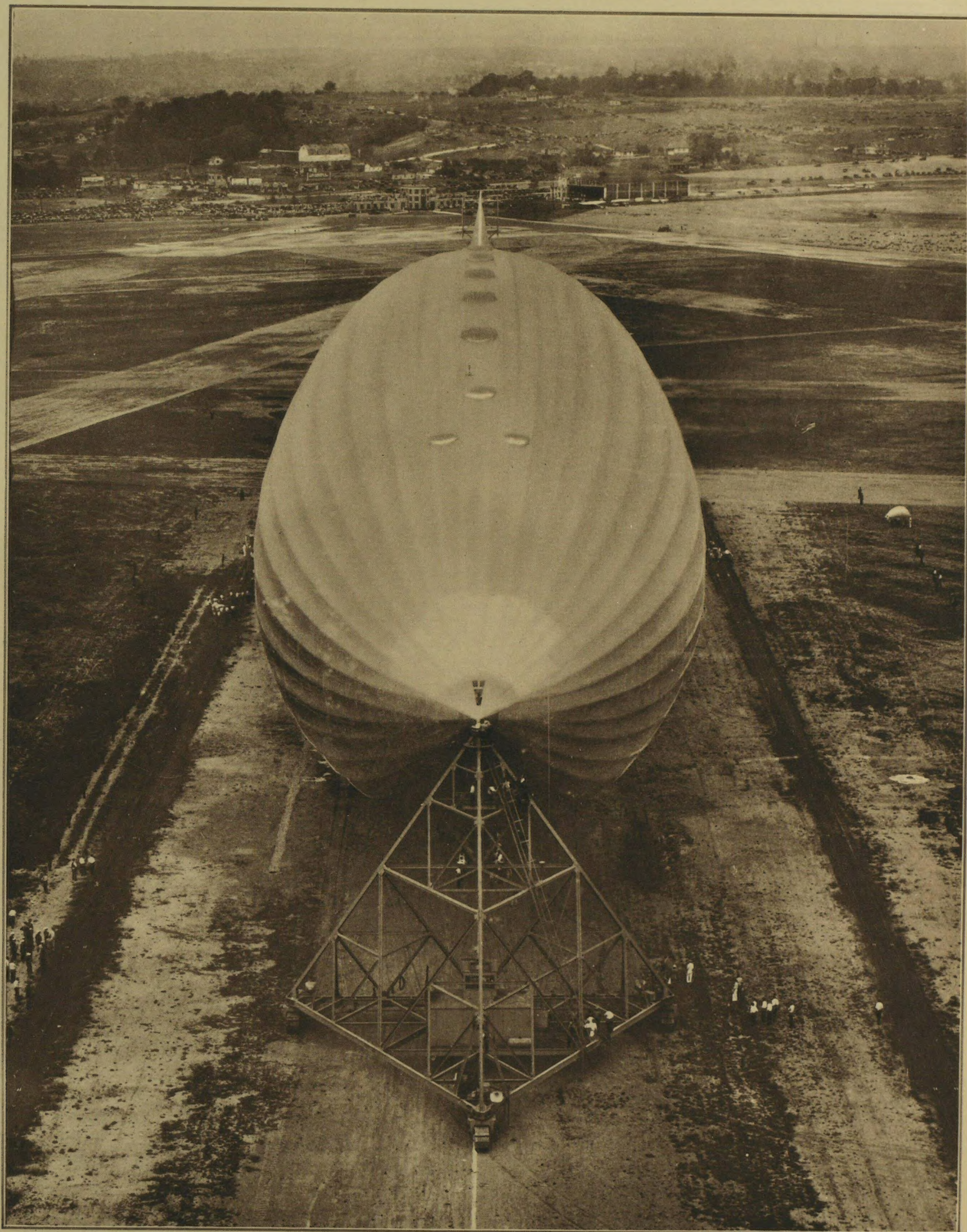


"FEAR," THE PLAY BY LORD LATHOM, AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AS TONY MATHEWS, AND MISS MARY GLYNNE AS MARY MATHEWS.

This remarkable play by the late Lord Lathom may be said to be a study of fear in the heart of a man and in the heart of Tony Mathews, who is afraid of being afraid. It will be found discussed in the extremely interesting article on this page.



# THE BIGGEST AIRSHIP TOWED AT TWO MILES AN HOUR BY A "MAST."



THE MOBILE MOORING-MAST OF THE DIRIGIBLE "AKRON" IN USE: THE THREE-TRACTORED METAL PYRAMID READY TO ADVANCE, DRAGGING THE AIRSHIP ALONG BY HER NOSE.

Our readers will remember that we gave in our issue of October 10 a particularly fine photograph of the new U.S. Navy dirigible "Akron" in flight over north-eastern Ohio during her maiden voyage. Here is a remarkable view taken from the heights of her hangar, and showing her with her nose attached to the mobile mooring-mast which tows her out of her shed and back into it. This mast is 76 feet high and weighs 150 tons. It has a caterpillar tractor at each corner of its triangular base. Power for driving the two rear tractors is provided by a 240-h.p. petrol motor. The forward tractor is for steering. The permissible

speed of the mast is anything up to two miles an hour! As to the "Akron" herself, it may be recalled that she measures 785 feet from stem to stern. Thus, she is only a few feet longer than the "Graf Zeppelin"; but she boasts a capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet of helium—twice that of the "Graf Zeppelin" and thrice that of the "Los Angeles." Her diameter is 133 feet. Her lift is 91 tons. As she uses helium, which is non-inflammable and non-explosive, she houses her eight motors not in gondolas suspended from her hull, as has been the custom hitherto when there has been risk of fire, but in motor-rooms inside the hull.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



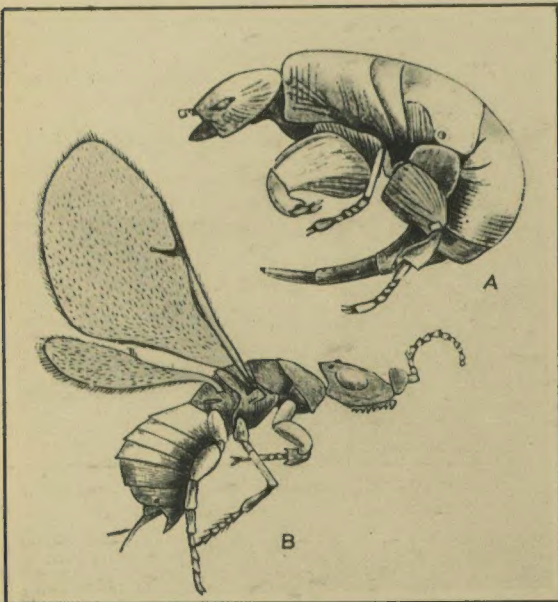
### THE CHRISTMAS BOX OF FIGS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

HOW decorous we have grown in the matter of our Christmas feast! Though we still declare "we'll keep our Christmas merry still," it can no longer be said of us that—

They gorged upon the half-dressed steer,  
Caroused in seas of sable beer:  
While round in brutal jest were thrown  
The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone.

Not even the boldest among us now dare take up the drum-stick of a roast chicken and nibble gently at the dainty fragments left there. But we



1. A TYPICAL FIG-WASP—THE INSECT THAT ASSISTS IN THE FERTILISATION OF THE FLOWERS OF THE FIG-TREE: THE WINGLESS MALE (A) AND THE WINGED FEMALE (B) OF *BLASTOPHAGA PSENES*.

will waste no tears over this. Even with a finger-bowl at hand, this nibbling would be inseparable from messy fingers. Knives and forks were a great innovation. But they were meant for use on solid, if dainty, meats. There would seem, however, to be some poor souls who have discovered nothing but evil in such fare. Indeed, I was admonished last year for my outspoken praise of roast turkey and beef. I was told that I was a "carrion feeder" and a "corpse eater." These delicate epithets were hurled at me by an enthusiastic vegetarian.

So that there might be no aftermath to my praises of "solid meats," I had half-decided, this year, to belaud the vitamins and calories of stewed figs. But these are, to me, anathema; an abominable outrage which should never be perpetrated on so wholesome and delicious a fruit, whether eaten "green" or dried. In my unavailing efforts, however, to persuade myself to say a good word for this noisome dish, I stumbled across some extremely interesting facts about figs, as we see them temptingly ripening on the garden wall. And, as no Christmas feast can be complete without its box of figs, these facts may well serve me for a theme for my Christmas essay. They concern certain infantile fig-eaters which, reared on such delectable fare, grow up into tiny "fig-wasps," undeservedly burdened by the man of science with a perfectly dreadful Latin name—*Blastophaga psenes*.

But before I go further let me say that this is only one of many different kinds of "fig-wasp." For there are about five hundred different species of fig-tree, growing in tropical and sub-tropical parts of the world, though only a few produce edible fruit. The far-famed banyan and peepul trees of India are "fig-trees," and the indiarubber tree is another. Whether all harbour fig-wasps I cannot say. But whatever is true of the poor little *Blastophaga* appears to be true of all the other members of its tribe.

For a proper understanding of what is to follow, we must now transfer our attention from the fig-wasp to the fig itself. For this fruit reveals some very singular features. To begin with, it is really a

flower-head, and the flowers lie hidden in its inside. An inspection of the big end of a growing fig will disclose, in its centre, a minute hole, guarded by small scales. To see the flowers, the fruit must be cut in half down its long axis (Fig. 2). There will then be found a mass of pulp, amid which, by the aid of a lens and much patience, the flowers will be discovered.

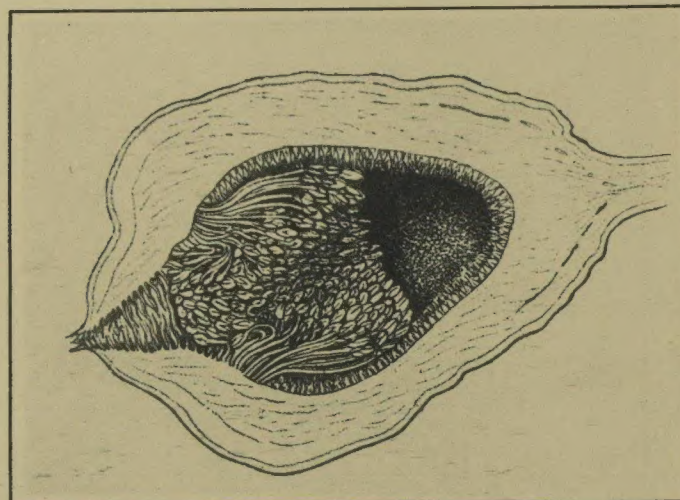
In some cases only female flowers are found: in others there are both male and female, when the latter are always at the base of the urn. Where only female flowers are present all have long styles or stalks, surmounted by the stigma, or surface for the reception of pollen from the male flower. But when both male and female flowers occur, the latter, for the most part, have short styles; and on these the fig-wasp depends for its very existence. Into a ripening fig, then, the female *Blastophaga* creeps, through the small hole at the broad end, and, making her way to the bottom of the cavity, she starts laying her eggs, one into the style of each female flower. Such as are forced into the long-styled forms inevitably perish; because, unless they reach the ovule, or growing seed, the larva cannot develop.

Let us now follow the history of an egg which finds its proper resting-place—a short-styled pistil. It presently hatches, and the resultant larva immediately begins to feed on the ovule, or incipient seed. As a consequence, the enclosing ovary ceases to develop in its normal way, and becomes transformed into a "gall." The larva, in due course, having consumed the ovule, becomes full-fed and pupates—that is to say, passes into the "chrysalis" stage. A little later the mature wasp emerges. The males (Fig. 1) are the first to appear by biting a hole through the gall, and await the emergence of the females, which are at once fertilised before they leave the gall. Immediately after they creep out, and, after a very brief stay in this dark chamber, issue forth into the light of day, resting awhile to dry their wings on the outside of the fig. But in their passage upwards to freedom they become dusted over with pollen, and this they must carry with them to the nearest ripe fig they can find.

One would suppose that in seeking this they would use their wings, but apparently they rarely do, trusting to their legs instead. Having found a fig, they crawl through the entrance-hole to carry on the task of egg-laying; during which the pollen they brought with them is deposited on the stigmas and so fertilises the seeds. After having deposited all her eggs, the female fig-wasp forthwith dies. The males, it should be remarked, have no need for wings; for

they never leave the fig in which they were reared, dying immediately after they have fulfilled their function of fertilisation. This is really a very remarkable life-history. For the males never emerge into the light of day. Their early infancy is passed within the closed cavity of the ovary of the fig. When they emerge, as adult wasps, they await the coming of the females within the gloomy chamber of the fig's interior. Though, in due course, they perform the work of fertilisation, they never see their spouses, since they convey the necessary sperm-cells through the tissue of the ovary to their destination.

One or two other very interesting points still remain to be considered. For the production of seed, all plants must have the female germ-cells stimulated by the fertilising male germ-cells, or "pollen." And this pollen may be borne from one plant to another by means of the wind, as in the case of the conifers. But flowering plants, such as bluebells, poppies, or foxgloves, need insect agencies to circulate this



2. AN EDIBLE FIG SEEN IN SECTION: THE CAVITY AT THE END OF THE CHAMBER BESET WITH CLOSELY PACKED FEMALE PARTS OF THE FLOWER, WHICH HERE ARE LONG-STYLED.

In the ancestral fig-tree, the flowers, male and female, were packed closely together on a disc, like the yellow disc-florets of a daisy. Then the edges of the disc turned upwards, till they formed a hollow chamber enclosing the flowers.

pollen. Hence the bright colours or peculiar scents, to attract the bearers of these life-giving germs. Flowers fertilised by bees bid for their services not merely by their bright-coloured petals, but also by their stores of nectar. Others, like the "lords and ladies" of our hedgerows, cater for flies as their agents, by secreting juices which have the evil smell of carrion beloved by flies. The fig attracts the fig-wasp as a pollen-bearer by diffusing a pleasant odour. And it has come about that, to attain this end, two kinds of female flowers have had to be produced—long-styled, which will produce fertile seeds; and short-styled, which can never develop seed, because the ovary will be consumed by the parasitic fig-wasp.

Now comes a very curious fact. What we know as the "fruit," or nut, or seed, as the case may be, is the consequence of the union of the male and female germs of the plants. Failing this, there is no fertile seed. But man has succeeded, in the case of some plants, in producing "fruit" without the aid of this fertilisation, as in the banana and the edible fig. The figs bearing the short-styled "galls" are known as "caprifigs." The galls can never produce seeds, but it does not prevent the maturation of the fruit, which, however, is of an inferior quality.

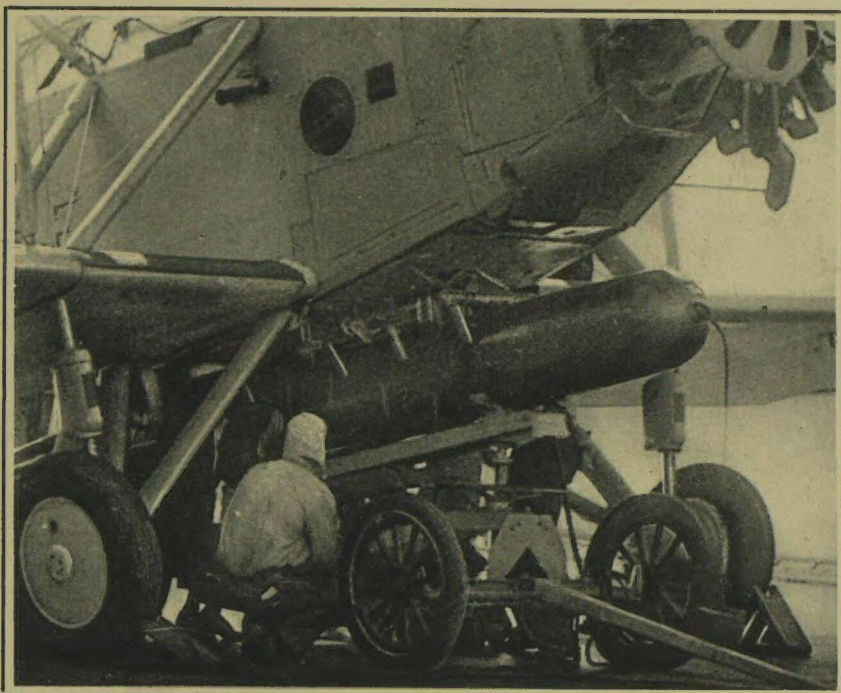
The juicy figs sent to us from South Europe are produced from fruit-bearing, female long-styled flowers only. But the growers, following an ancient tradition, believe that "caprification" is necessary to ensure a good crop, and so grow a few trees producing "gall flowers"; or they hang up fruit from gall-producing trees, or "caprifigs," on the branches of the trees bearing long-styled female flowers only, under the impression that the wasps improve the figs. But, since all the flowers are long-styled, such visitations are futile. The inferior quality of "caprifigs" is probably due to some deterrent factor caused by the presence of the parasitic wasps.



3. AN EDIBLE FIG AS SEEN FROM THE BROAD END: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE MINUTE HOLE IN THE CENTRE—THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE INTERIOR OF THE FRUIT, AND THE ONE BY WHICH THE FEMALE FIG-WASP ENTERS TO LAY HER EGGS.



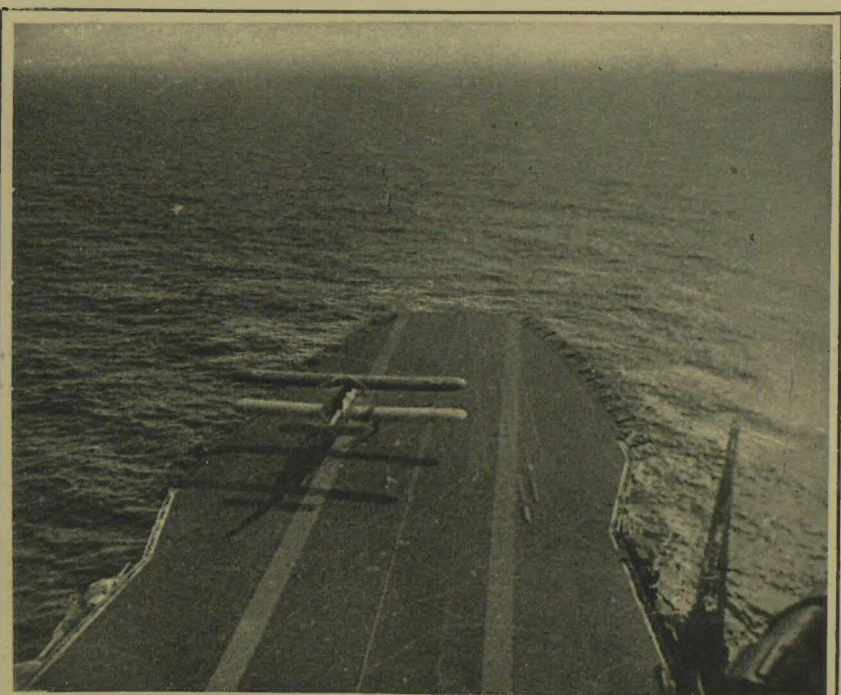
# TORPEDO-ATTACK BY AEROPLANE: FROM THE TAKE-OFF TO THE EXPLOSION.



1. THE TORPEDO BEING FITTED INTO THE CRADLE BENEATH THE AEROPLANE.

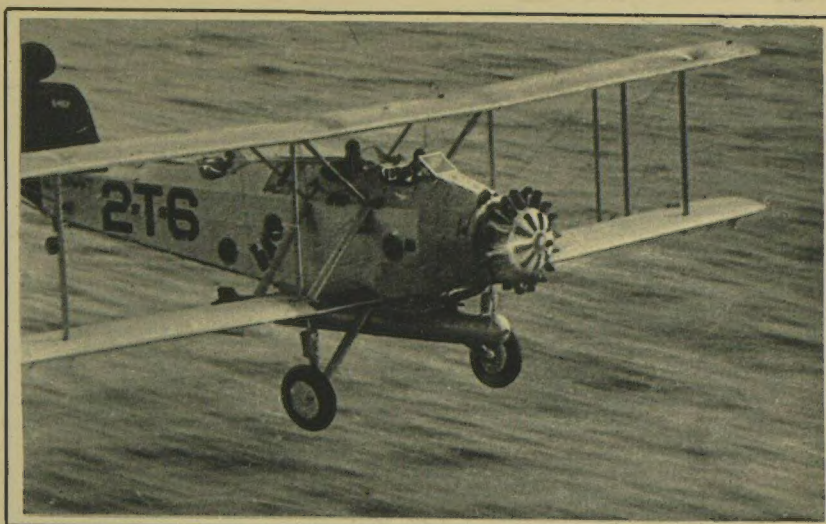


2. THE AEROPLANE—WITH A TORPEDO IN ITS CRADLE—READY TO TAKE-OFF FROM THE DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER.



3. THE TORPEDO-CARRYING AEROPLANE TAKING-OFF FROM THE DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER.

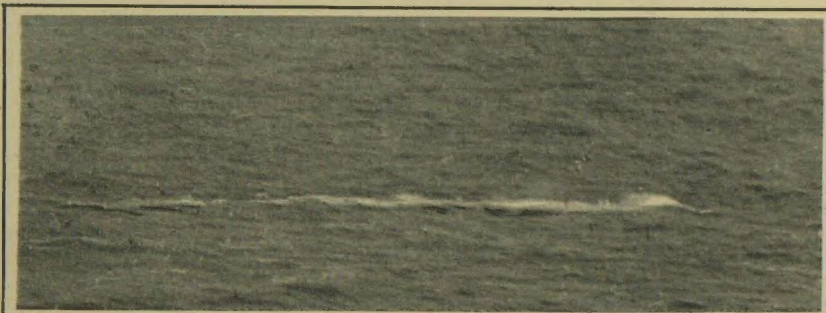
This series of photographs—from a Paramount sound-film made during practice torpedo-dropping flights from the U.S.N. aircraft-carrier "Saratoga"—illustrates one of the war duties of carrier-borne aeroplanes. Concerning such action, it is written in the "Britannica": "Torpedo-carrying aircraft can be employed against ships at sea or at anchor. Although, at the present state of development, to



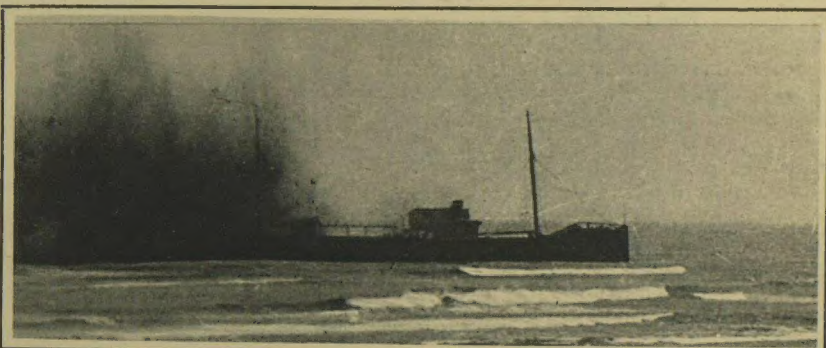
4. THE AEROPLANE SPEEDING TOWARDS ITS TARGET.



5. THE TORPEDO, RELEASED FROM ITS CRADLE, FALLING TOWARDS THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.



6. THE TRACK OF THE TORPEDO AS THAT DEADLY WEAPON RACES TOWARDS ITS TARGET.



7. THE TARGET HIT BY A TORPEDO, WHICH HAS EXPLODED.



8. THE TARGET AFTER IT HAD BEEN HIT BY SEVERAL TORPEDOES DROPPED FROM AEROPLANES.

release their torpedoes the aircraft must fly close to the water, and may thus offer a target for gunfire, nevertheless their high speed, and the possibility of sun, haze, low clouds, or smoke, may enable them to approach undetected, and so provide an invaluable tactical weapon." Torpedo-bomber aeroplanes carry a torpedo or the equivalent weight of bombs.



A CREWLESS, RADIO-CONTROLLED TARGET WAR-SHIP IN A NEW FILM.



FIRING AT AN INVISIBLE TARGET MORE THAN TWELVE MILES AWAY: GERMAN NAVAL GUNNERY PRACTICE WITH A RADIO-CONTROLLED BATTLE-SHIP—BIG GUNS TRAINED UPON THE "ZÄHRINGEN."



LONG-DISTANCE FILMING: A CINEMATOGRAPH OPERATOR AT WORK ON BOARD SHIP RECORDING THE EFFECT OF GUNFIRE ON THE CREWLESS AND RADIO-CONTROLLED TARGET BATTLE-SHIP "ZÄHRINGEN."



A WAR-SHIP WITH WIRELESS APPARATUS AS HER ONLY "CREW": THE DESERTED DECK OF THE "ZÄHRINGEN," RADIO-CONTROLLED FROM THE TORPEDO-BOAT "BLITZ" SEEN IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.

As our readers will recall, we have already illustrated (in our issue of November 7 last, and in a previous number) some aspects of the wonderful system of radio-control by means of which a war-ship, without a man on board, can be steered and manœuvred at high speed, and also be enabled to throw out smoke-screens, fire rockets, sound her syren, and signal for help. In the British Navy such operations have been carried out until recently with an obsolete battle-ship, H.M.S. "Centurion," which was used as a target-ship controlled entirely by wireless; but a few weeks ago the Admiralty decided that this ship should be paid off.



A CREWLESS BATTLE-SHIP ABLE TO MOVE AT SPEED, MANŒUVRE, EMIT SMOKE-SCREENS, FIRE ROCKETS AND "DUMMY" GUNS, AND SEND OUT S.O.S. SIGNALS: THE RADIO-CONTROLLED "ZÄHRINGEN" AT SEA.

The example here illustrated, as on the previous occasions above mentioned, is the German battle-ship "Zähringen," and the photographs here given have likewise been taken for the purpose of an educational film prepared by the well-known German firm, Messrs. Ufa, designed to familiarise the public with modern methods of gunnery practice. The subject is of such interest, both from a naval and a scientific point of view, that we need hardly offer an apology for reverting to it, especially as these new photographs present fresh aspects of the operations and some exceedingly dramatic moments. One feature in particular, that did not

[Continued opposite.



# DRAMATIC NAVAL GUNNERY SCENES: SHELL-FIRE; HITS; SMOKE-SCREENS.



THE CREWLESS, RADIO-CONTROLLED TARGET BATTLE-SHIP "ZÄHRINGEN" HIT BY A SHELL, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME SIMULATING THE DISCHARGE OF HER OWN BROADSIDE BY MEANS OF SPECIAL APPARATUS ALSO OPERATED BY WIRELESS TRANSMITTED FROM A TORPEDO-BOAT ACTING AS CONTROL-SHIP AT A DISTANCE: A SPECTACULAR MOMENT IN THE NEW UFA FILM.



A REALISTIC REPRESENTATION OF GUNFIRE ABOARD THE CREWLESS "ZÄHRINGEN," BY MEANS OF A DISCHARGE DETONATED BY RADIO FROM THE CONTROL-SHIP: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR THE FILM PICTURE.

*Continued.]*

appear in the former illustrations, is the realistic representation of gunfire proceeding from the crewless target-ship herself, in reply to that directed upon her by the "enemy." This imitation broadside (shown in the upper and the lower left photographs on the right-hand page) is produced by means of an explosive discharge detonated by radio from the control-ship. It should be emphasised once more that these remarkable effects, like the others already described above, are brought about entirely by the transmission (from the torpedo-boat "Blitz") of wireless waves that act on specially devised receiving apparatus installed in the "Zähringen."



THE "ZÄHRINGEN" ENVELOPS HERSELF IN A SMOKE-SCREEN OPERATED BY RADIO CONTROL FROM THE TORPEDO-BOAT "BLITZ": A STRIKING FILM PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CREWLESS BATTLE-SHIP DURING A NAVAL "ACTION."

Such episodes as that of the target-ship replying to "enemy" fire reproduce as closely as possible the conditions of a modern naval battle and provide a new sensation for the screen. As a "Daily Telegraph" writer puts it: "The sight of a great battle-ship at sea, steaming and turning at high speed, with salvos of shells falling about her and occasionally crashing into her hull, is one of the most thrilling spectacles imaginable. Without having a soul on board, the 'Zähringen' reproduces all the movements of a fully-manned battle-ship. . . The film is being made in Heligoland Bight, in co-operation with the German naval authorities,"



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AT the close of a year which has seen some memorable happenings at the Prime Minister's official town residence, it may not be inappropriate to go back a little further into its history on the topographical side. The means of doing so are amply provided in a stout volume of the London County Council's "Survey of London," a monumental work under the general editorship of Montagu H. Cox (for the Council) and Philip Norman (for the London Survey Committee). The section noticed here is Vol. XIV., "THE PARISH OF ST. MARGARET, WESTMINSTER." Part III. (Neighbourhood of Whitehall, Vol. II.). Published for the L.C.C. by B. T. Batsford, Ltd. (Price: £2 12s. 6d.). Like its predecessor, it is profusely illustrated with photographs, drawings, reproductions of oil and water-colour paintings, engravings, and plans. For the enthusiast on London topography, it is indeed a lordly treasure-house of historical records.

In the matter of research, this book can claim to have broken fresh ground. "Very little has heretofore been known," we read, "of the history of the western part of the Palace of Whitehall, on the site of the modern Treasury. This was the 'recreation' side of the old Palace, comprising the famous Cockpit, the four tennis-courts, and the bowling alley. . . . The present volume contains a wealth of new information on these buildings. . . . Adjoining the Palace was Hampden House, for over forty years the residence of the mother of John Hampden. The story of this house, and of Downing Street, which occupies its site, is fully told, and the complicated origin of the world-famous No. 10, which stands on the site of three original houses, is here traced for the first time." The story of "No. 10" is too long to outline here, but a word may properly be added concerning the man who, so to say, "bought the street," as having bequeathed to it his name.

George Downing acquired property there in 1654, and in 1663-4 a reversionary lease was granted to him by the Crown, with liberty to build. His character does not receive unqualified commendation. In a note on his career, recalling that in 1638 he accompanied his parents to New England, and was the second graduate at Harvard, we read later: "In 1671 he was again sent to the Hague for the express purpose of stirring up strife, but his unpopularity there was such that he left hurriedly, and was sent to the Tower for having returned without the King's orders. He died in 1684, leaving behind him an unenviable reputation for treachery and avarice." Has this latter quality left a psychic aura about the place? It may explain why Chancellors of the Exchequer, in their official capacity, are apt to be so grasping.

Since Downing's day a change has come over the spirit of our dream in art, with effects on London architecture and statuary that might have startled him, and even to us are occasionally disturbing. In the matter of sculpture, the artist who above all has fluttered academic doves has been persuaded to set forth his aims and principles in "THE SCULPTOR SPEAKS." Jacob Epstein to Arnold L. Haskell. Conversations on Art. With thirty-four illustrations of Epstein's works, including three Drawings (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). Here there is one link with Downing Street, in the shape of Mr. Epstein's masterly bust of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a "thinking" likeness. As in all his portraiture (where he confesses to an invariable effort to secure a good likeness), the personality shines through the rugged surface with living intensity. It is in his imaginative works, such as "Rima," "Genesis," "Night," and "Day," that Mr. Epstein has staggered conventional humanity.

On one occasion he says: "It is no good paying any attention to the man in the street. A man who knew nothing about surgery would not be allowed to criticise a surgical operation. A man who knows nothing about sculpture should not criticise sculpture." At the same time, men who know nothing about cookery sometimes criticise the cook, because they have to digest his (or her) productions. I think Mr. Epstein is mistaken. The man in the street is not such a fool as he looks: he is ready to hear both sides, and is open to conviction. The present volume, I feel sure, will go far to convince him, and Mr. Haskell deserves gratitude for having extracted so much of the artist's mind, to counteract the crudities and flippancies of popular criticism, due largely to ignorance of the sculptor's intentions. Again, Mr. Epstein declares: "Don't make the mistake of thinking that a work of art can be explained. They even try to explain Cézanne, the humbugs." Here, again, I venture to disagree. Thought can be expressed in words. If the ideas behind

a statue or a picture are incapable of such expression, the work can have no meaning. Mr. Epstein, indeed, is confuted out of his own mouth in a later "conversation," where he touches on Cézanne's theory in a way obviously open to expansion.

Many similar glimpses of "explanation" are scattered about this fascinating book, not only on Epstein's own work, but on that of various other masters, including Michael Angelo and Donatello ("the true father of modern European sculpture," and, in Mr. Haskell's opinion, akin to Epstein), Rodin ("the greatest master of modern times"), and such modern revolutionary painters as Gauguin, Picasso, and Van Gogh. It is, however, Mr. Epstein's self-revelations that are the main interest. He denies that he aims consciously at ugliness, pointing out that ideas of beauty may differ, and stresses the value of shock in the effect produced by a work of art ("shock" in the right sense, as distinct from *épâtisme*) shaking the spectator's complacency. To return for a moment

I became afflicted with a kind of excitement which caused me to pause and not pursue that path to the luminous end. . . . For instance, when I had discovered the means of detecting electric waves by means of the coherer, the late Lord Rayleigh said to me, 'Well, now you can go ahead; there is your life work!' But I didn't; I was engaged in teaching, and neglected the prelude to what has now developed into wireless telegraphy."

Perhaps the most impressive thing in Sir Oliver's fine book is the concluding chapter on the future of science and the destiny of man. "Human nature," he writes, "bears testimony to the perception that there is a spiritual world which interacts with this one. . . . Is there any link between these worlds that may conceivably be detected by the combined study of the physical and the psychical? Well, that is what I hope. . . . The universe as a whole is still mainly unexplored. The effort to explore it may take millions of years; and the end is not yet. . . . Forward, then, into the unknown!"

The Christmas holiday is a time when special attractions are offered by the stage, rendering seasonable such a book as "THE COSTUME OF THE THEATRE." By Theodore Komisarjevsky (Bles; 25s.). Of this work, by a high authority on the subject, beautifully and abundantly illustrated, I must say more anon. Meanwhile, let me recommend several noteworthy books having affinities, at certain points, with the Epstein conversations. One is a biographical novel—"PAUL GAUGUIN," The Calm Madman. By Beril Becker. With eight Plates (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). A dramatic study of a rebel against convention, in art as in social life. The approach of the Exhibition of French Art at Burlington House lends timely value also to two charming little books tracing modern movements in French painting. Gauguin and Van Gogh are among the painters studied in "THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS." From Monet to Bonnard. Translated from the French of Adolphe Basler and Charles Kunstler. With coloured Frontispiece and seventy-two monochrome Plates (Medici Society; 7s. 6d.). A companion volume by the same authors, and with an equal number of illustrations—"THE MODERNISTS" (Medici Society; 7s. 6d.)—contains chapters on the Cézanne Revolution, Picasso and Cubism, and many other phases of latter-day art. It should be welcome to readers seeking compact information on the ideas behind the surprises of modernism. The beautiful reproductions of typical examples of the various painters greatly assist such understanding. Our own art of the past, from the seventh to the nineteenth century, is exemplified by 200 illustrations, with running commentary, in a dainty pocket volume called "A PICTURE-BOOK OF BRITISH ART." By Professor E. M. O'R. Dickey (Bell; 6s.).

One form of decorative art, which to-day has achieved supreme mastery of its medium, has inspired a sumptuous volume entitled "MODERN GLASS." By Guillaume Janneau. With 130 illustrations (The Studio Ltd.; 30s.). The author, who is Conservator of the French Mobilier National, traces the modern renaissance of decorative glass in Europe, and the exquisite plates represent the work of the best glass-artists of our time. The book forms a pictorial guide invaluable to collectors, manufacturers, and all interested, privately or professionally, in the accessories of interior decoration. In his allusion to English glass, M. Janneau recalls the influence of Ruskin, Morris, and Walter Crane as precursors of the modern movement, and praises the fine ornamental and table glass produced by Walsh of Birmingham. Among the subjects illustrated is the foyer of the Savoy Theatre, by Basil Ionides.

Now that the Clockmakers' Company has just celebrated its tercentenary, topical as well as permanent appeal belongs to "THE EVOLUTION OF CLOCKWORK." With a special section on the Clocks of Japan illustrated from the author's own collection. With a bibliography of horology covering over 600 authors. By J. Drummond Robertson. 101 illustrations (Cassell; 21s.). Of the literature connected with clocks, the author cites a historic but (to the average reader) unfamiliar example—Froissart's poem, "Li Orloge Amoureux," of which he gives a long extract faced by a verse translation in English. There is also an interesting chapter on the old clock of Dover Castle. I believe that Falstaff claimed to have fought with Hotspur "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock," and that romantic timepiece might provide matter for similar disquisitions. On the threshold of a New Year, it may stimulate good resolutions to remember also another poet's warning—that the clock

Beats out the little lives of men. (C. E. B.)

### To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

to the associations of Downing Street—in an allusion to the lady Rima of the large hands, Mr. Epstein is quoted as remarking, with a smile: "I shall never forget Mr. Baldwin's expression, when he pulled the string and the work was unveiled."

Science hath her victories no less renowned than Art. The memories of an old campaigner in those fields—an honoured veteran of science—are self-recorded, with unaffected charm, in "PAST YEARS." An Autobiography. By Sir Oliver Lodge. With sixteen illustrations (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.). In this profoundly interesting work, I have been struck by the distinguished author's modesty in referring to his own achievements, and by the fact that his career as a scientist proceeded concurrently with the domestic preoccupations incidental to the upbringing of a large family—six sons and six daughters. Of all that side of his life, Sir Oliver writes with charming simplicity.

Sir Oliver's recollections of his boyhood include some grim tales of bullying in an old-fashioned grammar school. He frankly analyses his own habits of mind in later life and explains certain traits that impaired his prospects. Thus, he writes: "Another peculiarity I must confess to. . . . When I was getting near any result in physics,



# A CHINESE DAY—AND NIGHT: HONG KONG CONTRASTS.



BY DAY: A VIEW OF HONG KONG'S SPACIOUS HARBOUR TAKEN FROM THE PEAK; LOOKING OVER TO KOWLOON AND THE MAINLAND: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE UP-TO-DATE BUILDINGS OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA IN THE FOREGROUND; LARGE VESSELS AT ANCHOR; AND THE ROCKY TERRAIN.

BY NIGHT: THE SAME VIEW AS THAT SEEN ABOVE TAKEN AFTER DARK—A VIVID IMPRESSION OF THE LIGHTS OF HONG KONG, OUTPOST OF WESTERN CIVILISATION IN THE ORIENT; WITH THE LINES "DRAWN" ON THE PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM BY FERRIES CROSSING AND RE-CROSSING THE HARBOUR.



At a time of growing consciousness of the solidarity of our Empire, particularly in its economic aspects, a glance may be allowed at the Crown Colony of Hong Kong, that great centre for British commerce with China and Japan which is also a naval and military station of first-class importance. Since the war its fortunes have been varied: in the boom period, the import trade of Hong Kong—already an impressive amount—more than doubled in the years between 1918 and 1920; but this was followed by a marked decrease, due to the fall in the exchange value of the *tael*, to the troubled internal conditions of China, and to political and trade friction between Hong Kong and Canton, a city of which Hong Kong is really the deep-sea port. The extraordinary boycott at Canton in 1923—principally the work of the new Cantonese trade unions that had been

organised on the Western model—paralysed the trade of the seaport for months. In 1925 and 1926 trade at Hong Kong was again injured by the Cantonese boycott. Recently a new idea has been making itself felt in China—intense hatred of the Japanese; and in September of this year there were several days sporadic fighting in the Colony between police and hooligans who wrecked Japanese shops and attacked individual Japanese. Chinese trade guilds unanimously passed a motion in favour of an anti-Japanese boycott, and Chinese householders threw their Japanese utensils into the street, so that the authorities had to use a steam-roller to crush these objects and facilitate their removal! On this occasion, however, in face of the unrelenting vigour of the authorities, the disturbances came to an abrupt end, a fact which tended to confirm the suspicions of outside influences.



# NEW LIGHT FROM CRETE ON ORIGINS OF ANCIENT GREEK CIVILISATION.

## A RICH HARVEST OF POTTERY AND BRONZE FOUND IN THE NECROPOLIS OF PHRATI.



FIG. 1. A FRAGMENTARY BRONZE SHIELD DECORATED WITH A SERIES OF GRIFFINS FEEDING: ONE OF THE PHRATI BRONZES INDICATING LOCAL ADAPTATION OF FOREIGN INFLUENCE.



FIG. 2. CYPRUS INFLUENCE ON CRETAN ART: A CINERARY URN WITH FIGURES OF DIVINITIES (MALE AND FEMALE) IN A STYLE TYPICAL OF CYPRUS.



FIG. 3. A FRAGMENTARY BRONZE SHIELD ADORNED WITH DANCING WOMEN HOLDING HANDS: FIGURES ANTI TO VASES IN GEOMETRICAL STYLE FROM DIPYLON.



FIG. 4. MINOAN FEATURES IN PHRATI POTTERY: AN URN WITH A DIVINITY BETWEEN TWO SPHINXES, ONE WITH HEAD DECORATION RESEMBLING THAT OF MINOAN SPHINXES.



FIG. 5. A LARGE BRONZE SHIELD WITH A LION HEAD IN THE CENTRE: ONE OF VARIOUS EXAMPLES THAT HELP TO DATE THE REPOUSSE BRONZES OF MOUNT IDA.



FIG. 6. WITH DECORATION SUGGESTING A PAIR OF HERALDIC BEASTS ON A COAT-OF-ARMS: A JUG (RESTORED FROM PIECES) WITH THE DESIGN IN RED ON A BLACK GROUND.



FIG. 7. A SUBJECT FOUND ALSO IN ETRUSCAN PAINTING: A MAN HOLDING HIS HORSE BY THE BRIDLE—DECORATION ON A CYLINDRICAL CINERARY URN FOUND AT PHRATI.



FIG. 8. A SMALL VOTIVE VASE IN THE SHAPE OF AN OWL: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF NATURE DESIGN IN PHRATI POTTERY.



FIG. 9. A FORM TYPICAL OF A TRANSITION PERIOD DURING THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.: A PITHOS RESTORED FROM FRAGMENTS.



FIG. 10. A REMARKABLE TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE: A SEATED FIGURE OF A WOMAN, FORMING A LID-HANDLE OF AN URN.

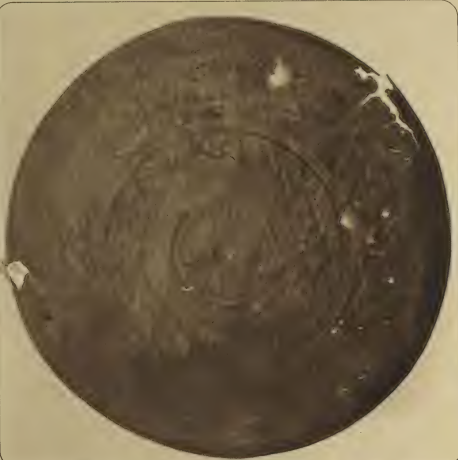


FIG. 11. AN EXQUISITE DESIGN IN REPOUSSE BRONZE DISCOVERED AT PHRATI: A BRONZE CUP DECORATED WITH FIGURES OF BULLS RUNNING—A VIGOROUS REPRESENTATION OF ANIMALS IN RAPID MOVEMENT.



FIG. 12. A CRETAN CINERARY URN DECORATED WITH A LARGE CONVENTIONALISED BUTTERFLY: A SPIRAL DESIGN SIMILAR TO THOSE ON GOLD-WORK FOUND AT MYCENAE.



FIG. 13. EGYPTIAN INFLUENCE ON CRETAN ARCHITECTURE: A STONE CAPITAL OF "AEOLIAN" TYPE FOUND AT PHRATI, WITH A DESIGN DERIVED FROM THE PALM-CAPITALS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

On a succeeding page in this number will be found a very interesting article, by Dr. Doro Levi, describing the discoveries made during recent excavations at Phrati (Arkades), a site in the central region of Crete. The above photographs illustrate the most remarkable among the many examples of early Cretan art found at Phrati, and our illustrations are numbered to correspond with the author's references to the various objects, in which he gives further particulars about them, and discusses their relation to other forms of ancient art discovered elsewhere. It will be seen that these excavations have produced a quantity of fresh evidence bearing on the history of early civilisation in and around ancient art discovered elsewhere. It will be seen that these excavations have produced a quantity of fresh evidence bearing on the history of early civilisation in and around ancient art discovered elsewhere.

the Aegean. Dr. Levi develops the theory that the indigenous art of central Crete, during the decay of the Minoan culture at Knossos, in another district of the island, was more important than has hitherto been generally supposed. He discusses its relation, not only to the earlier Minoan art, but to the later art of classical Greece and Ionia. "The legend of Daidalos," he suggests, "may have meant for the Greeks that Crete was the cradle of their own splendid art." Dr. Levi also traces the influence of Egypt and Cyprus on Cretan art. The richest finds were in pottery, but there were also beautiful specimens of bronze. The date suggested is the eighth century B.C.



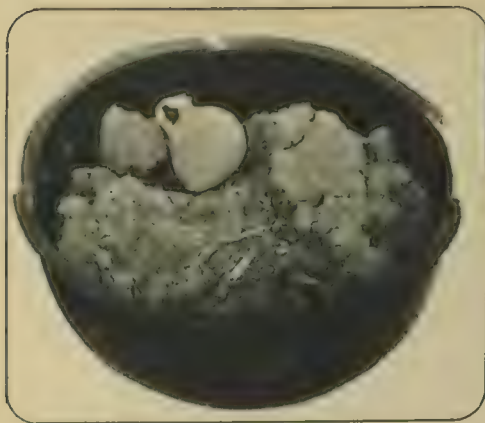


FIG. 14. CRETAN URN-BURIAL: A FUNERARY BRONZE BASIN STILL CONTAINING HALF-CREMATED BONES AND A SMALL VOTIVE VASE.

Ida. The island was also famous as the dominion of Minos and Pasiphae and the abode of the Minotaur. The well-known excavations, started at the beginning of this century at Knossos and Phastos respectively, by Sir Arthur Evans and the Italian Archaeological Mission in Crete, have proved such legends to be not merely a form of Greek imagination, but a living tradition of a long and brilliant civilisation, which flourished for thousands of years on the island of Minos, throwing its light over dark places of the Aegean Sea and the Asiatic coast, and even radiating as far as the western shores of the Mediterranean.

Hitherto, however, historians and archaeologists have not gone beyond accepting this vague and confused transmission of prehistoric Greek elements in Greek mythology. According to most scholars, the Greeks, having destroyed during their invasions the remnants of the decaying Minoan civilisation, must have erected on its ruins a totally different civilisation of their own, which would appear almost as a sudden and unprecedented efflorescence of art and thought. Crete, on this view, would have vegetated after the fall of Mycenaean civilisation, as it did later on in the classical period, indifferent and almost a stranger to the spiritual and artistic movement developing in Greece. Consequently, according to this theory, the first flourishing of Greek art was due to the Greek element, and particularly to the enterprising and clever Ionians, who, after their establishment on the rich coast of Asia Minor, would have been the first to come into contact with the ancient Asiatic and Egyptian civilisations, and the first to deal with the products of such varied arts and crafts as were exported by Phoenician artisans.

But a strong reaction followed the enthusiasm created by the Minoan finds, and a few scholars, protesting against the possibility of a sudden and total disappearance of the rich Mediterranean civilisation, insisted on their own theory—that is, that Crete undoubtedly preserved a dominating influence until the rise of Greek art. To this theory was applied the sarcastic epithet of "Pancretism." Such opinions, however, have been largely confirmed by recent excavations and discoveries. Further studies and a deeper knowledge now enable us to attribute to a local craft the remarkable *repoussé* bronzes found by Professor Halbherr in the cave of Zeus on Mount Ida half a century ago. The discovery of the archaic temples at Prinià has caused Cretan works of art to be placed ahead of the remotest archaic Greek sculpture. Finally, the excavation of the town and necropolis of Phrati (Arkades), in the central part of Crete, confirms the opinion that Crete had a prosperous art of its own during the long period of the decadence of Minoan civilisation. Thus can be filled the gap in our knowledge of the dark period during which the geometrical style dominated, and the seeds that gave birth to the first products of Greek art were still maturing.

In the necropolis of Phrati chamber-tombs were rare, and were rough derivations of similar big Minoan tombs. Some still contained the inhumated body, others the ashes of cremated bones in urns. But most of the tombs were single burials (Fig. 17): the ashes had been collected in a rough clay pot, or in bronze basins (Figs. 14 and 15), or clay basins imitating their shape, or in urns of different types, very often covered by a plain inverted jar. The burial furniture of these small single tombs, such as perfume phials, small jugs, ornaments, and various votive offerings, leave no doubt of the contemporaneity of such products, which otherwise would have been ascribed to different periods.

The richest and most interesting harvest of the excavations was the pottery. We notice that the larger part of it is decorated with geometrical designs, but some specimens have decorations obviously deriving from the late Minoan style of pottery; from which are derived also a great many among the peculiar and varied shapes of the Phrati pottery. Some vases, however, have a shape which is quite typical of this short but productive period of transition in art—that is, the eighth century B.C. For instance, one large cinerary urn, which was found during the excavations and is illustrated on page 1043 (Fig. 9) as it appeared after its restoration from the fragments, is an obvious transformation of the old Minoan "pithos." The urn has grown larger and has become egg-shaped, with a wider neck and a small base. This type of big vase, placed in the ground leaning on its side, often formed by itself a single burial. On other vases the derivation from Minoan pottery can be traced in the decoration, as, for example, an urn (Fig. 4) with two sphinxes, one of which is wearing a flat head-dress adorned with lilies exactly like those of Minoan sphinxes; but between them there is a winged kneeling figure which reminds one of the running

## CRETE AS THE CRADLE OF GREEK ART.

DISCOVERIES IN THE NECROPOLIS OF PHRATI IN CENTRAL CRETE:  
NEW TREASURES OF DECORATED POTTERY AND BRONZE.

By Dr. DORO LEVI. (See Illustrations on the two preceding pages, numbered according to the author's references.)

CRETE was known to the ancient writers above all as the place of origin of some of the oldest and strangest legends of Greek mythology. It was, for instance, the refuge of the infant Zeus, who escaped the wrath of his cruel father, Cronos, through his childish cries being drowned in a clatter of shields and cymbals by his guardians, the Curetes of Mount

attitude characteristic of Greek archaic art.

Another urn (Fig. 12) has a huge butterfly transformed into decorative spirals, such as those on the gold leaves of Mycenæ. Other specimens are closely related to the style of Rhodes and Cyprus, the two other large islands which were prosperous during this dark period of human civilisation. One urn (Fig. 2) with a man and a woman walking (the woman lifting her arm to her head) recalls the naïve style typical of Cyprus. Similar religious scenes, however, are also found in pre-Hellenic art. Other products are, without doubt, of Rhodian importation. Some of the vases already indicate the new orientalisising fashion to which the geometrical style gave place. Others represent the beginnings of proto-Hellenic pottery. For instance, on a cylindrical urn (Fig. 7) is a man holding his horse by the bridle, in front of a flower rising from the ground; man and horse have long stiff legs such as were favoured by Cretan archaic art (compare the Prinià frieze). This same subject occurs also in Etruscan painting, as in the frescoes of the Campana tomb at Veio.

FIG. 15. URN-BURIAL IN ANCIENT CRETE: ANOTHER BRONZE BASIN OF HALF-CREMATED BONES, WITH VOTIVE VASE.



FIG. 16. EVIDENCE OF THE EARLY USE OF IRON IN CRETE: IRON IMPLEMENTS AND WEAPONS FOUND AT PHRATI.

but on the other hand we notice that in Crete during that period foreign elements were not only assimilated, but were rapidly reshaped or eliminated, and that an obvious local taste and influence gave a new direction to all branches of art.

In architecture, for instance, the Prinià temples show how the archaic Greek temple is a derivation of the pre-Hellenic type of house. But at Phrati a capital (Fig. 13) was found of the "Aeolian" type which derives straight from Egyptian palm capitals. In sculpture we can easily trace the new and personal direction in art of which we have spoken, as here Cretan art was not handicapped by Minoan traditions, sculpture being unknown to Minoan civilisation. Terra-cotta works of art show a similar progress. At Phrati was found a very interesting terra-cotta, a painted figurine of a seated woman (Fig. 10) which formed the handle on the lid of an urn. But it is the *repoussé* bronzes that provide more evidence of foreign elements transformed

by local taste and influence. Various bronzes found at Phrati finally enable us to date the famous *repoussé* bronzes of Mount Ida. The Phrati bronzes comprise a big shield with a lion head (Fig. 5); fragments of other shields with feeding griffins (Fig. 1) and dancing women (Fig. 3); and a cup having two rows of running bulls (Fig. 11). But, in spite of these obvious new tendencies in art, full of liveliness and grace, we cannot but consider that various designs used in the *repoussé* bronze-work are reminiscent of Minoan motives. Similar designs were also adopted by artists using the "geometrical" style, such as the dancing women, for instance, forming a row and holding each other's hands, on the geometrical vases of Dipylon.

We should like to emphasise the fact that, while in Crete during the eighth century B.C. we notice such intense activity and so remarkable an artistic movement, we have no record, at present, of any similar artistic movement on the coasts of Asia Minor. Yet most scholars affirm that Greek art had its birth in Asia Minor. The excavations at Miletus and Ephesus, the two chief sites in Asia Minor, have only yielded products bearing evidence of Oriental derivation. Is it a mere symptom that, according to tradition, the oldest temple of Artemis at Ephesus should have been built by two Cretan artists, Chersiphron and Metagenes? Another Greek legend tells that the sons of Dædalos, the great artist who built the Labyrinth for Minos, were the first to wander in Greece and teach Greek sculptors how to work the splendid marble of their islands. Some think that Dædalos, whose name means "the skilful artist," really existed. We do not go as far as that, but we firmly believe that, just as the legend of the birth of Zeus on Mount Ida implies the Cretan origin of most of the Greek divinities, so the legend of Dædalos may have meant for the Greeks that Crete was the cradle of their own splendid art.



FIG. 17. SINGLE CREMATION BURIALS AS FOUND ON THE SITE OF PHRATI, IN CRETE: A FORM OF INHUMATION IN WHICH THE URN, CONTAINING ASHES OR BONES, WAS OFTEN COVERED BY A PLAIN INVERTED JAR.



## BRITISH LOANS TO THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



"THE PLEASURES OF THE DANCE";  
BY J. A. WATTEAU. (1684—1721.)  
Lent by Dulwich College.



"LA TASSE DE CHOCOLAT"; BY N. LANCRET.  
(1690—1743.)  
Lent by A. T. Loyd, Esq.



"THE PROPHET"; BY THE MAÎTRE DE L'ANNON-  
CIATION D'AIX.  
Lent by Sir Herbert Cook, Bt.



"PORTRAIT OF LOUISE DE LORRAINE";  
BY AN UNKNOWN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST.  
Lent by John Morrison, Esq.



"RICHELIEU"; BY P. DE CHAMPAIGNE  
(B. 1602.)  
Lent by H.M. the King.



"GIRL WITH DOG"; BY J. B. GREUZE.  
(1725—1805.)  
Lent by Viscount Bearsted.



"ST. VICTOR AND A DONOR"; BY THE MAÎTRE  
DE MOULINS.  
Lent by the Corporation Art Gallery, Glasgow.



"PORTRAIT OF MME. SALLE"; BY L. TOCQUÉ.  
(1696—1772.)  
Lent by the Dowager Lady Hindlip.

THE Exhibition of French Art, 1400—1900, opens at the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, on January 4, and will continue until early March. Here we reproduce some of the numerous works lent by British owners, headed by his Majesty the King. In future issues we shall illustrate the exhibition as a whole very fully.



# "ALL THINGS BOTH GREAT AND SMALL."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

## "THE MEN OF THE LAST FRONTIER": By GREY OWL\*

(PUBLISHED BY "COUNTRY LIFE.")

THIS is a remarkable book, produced by an extraordinary type of mind under extraordinary conditions. The author is a half-breed Indian, whose father was a Scot and whose mother was an Apache Indian of New Mexico. Born some forty years ago in the neighbourhood of the Rio Grande, he trekked, in his early twenties, into Canada, and followed the adventurous, Spartan life of the bush Indian, trapping, fire-ranging, and guiding. During the Great War, he saw service in France as a sniper in the 13th Montreal Battalion. His present vocation, as will be explained, is one of singular interest and value. The Indian strain in him has predominated, and he early cast in his lot with the Ojibways, being admitted as a "blood-brother," and trained in the lore of his nation by the mentor appointed for that purpose in accordance with tribal custom. A dedicatory note informs us that he is indebted to an aunt for the education "that enables me to interpret into words the spirit of the forest, beautiful for all its underlying wildness." It must have been a very efficient education, and this unconventional author must have read and reflected with no ordinary intelligence, for his book is written not only with great sincerity of feeling, but with a degree of literary accomplishment which many a more practised penman would be glad to claim. The letters and papers which make up the book were (the publishers inform us) written in many camps, and "often the author was a hundred miles from the nearest post office, and frequently weather conditions made any journey impossible." The resulting volume amply repays all the travail of its birth.

Romance, from our boyhood's days, surrounds the Redskin: but the country of which Grey Owl writes is a land of epic rather than romance. To the woodsman, the railway—known to him as "the steel," or "the front"—marks the boundary of the lesser Canada; but "far beyond the fringe of burnt and lumbered wastes adjacent to the railroads, there lies another Canada little known, unvisited except by the few who are willing to submit to the hardships, loneliness, and toil of long

temperature. A rise in temperature often precipitates a blizzard, and these winter storms are so violent as to destroy whole areas of timber by sheer weight alone; the solitary trapper caught on the trail by one of these tempests, with little or no warning, especially if crossing any large lake, is in grave danger. His dogs, blinded

were to the north what gold was to the west"—a standard of value and a medium of exchange. In the absence of any effective protection, beaver have been hunted so mercilessly that they are now almost extinct. The slaughter converted Grey Owl from a trapper to a humanitarian. "I was so struck by the evidence of the practical extinction of our national animal that my journey, originally undertaken with the intention of finding a hunting ground, became more of a crusade, conducted with the object of discovering a small colony of beaver not claimed by some other hunter, the motive being no longer to trap, but to preserve them." "Today I kill no more beaver, but am bent on repairing in some small measure the damage done in younger and more thoughtless days; replacing at least a part of what I have destroyed, restoring dried-out lakes to their fullness of contented families, bringing life where is nought but desolation."

Grey Owl now has adequate opportunities for pursuing this laudable object, since he is the official guardian and protector of the animal life of Riding Mountain Park, Manitoba. In that capacity he is already known to readers of *The Illustrated London News*. In our issue of Aug. 22, 1931, he may be seen among his "Little Brothers" on terms of characteristic intimacy and affection.

He has no difficulty in persuading us that the beaver is a creature not only worth protecting from wholesale destruction, but worth cultivating as a personal friend. Grey Owl claims for the beaver an intelligence which goes beyond mere instinct. His industry in building house and dam is proverbial; while his resourcefulness is perhaps best illustrated

by this incident, told by Grey Owl of a beaver which had to swim half a mile under ice without coming up for air. "His method was to create a considerable disturbance at the water-hole until a bubble of air had formed at its edge under the ice. To this, when large enough, he attached himself, and swam away with it. The bladder of air enveloped his head and most of his back; at intervals he would make holes in the ice, probably to renew the air supply. This occurred three times in the fifteen or so minutes it took him to cover the distance."

His manners and morals are irreproachable. He mates for life, and is never guilty of infidelity. When domesticated, he is as faithful to his protector as a dog; nor will he ever bite the hand which fed him, but "if annoyed will hold a finger between his dangerous teeth, exerting only just so much pressure, screeching with rage meanwhile." He has infinite patience and perseverance. His house is a model of tidiness: each member of the family has his or her own bed, and the bedding is taken out and aired and dried at regular intervals. He is thorough and punctilious in his toilet. He and his mate "seem capable of great affection, which they show by grasping my clothing with their strong fore-paws, pushing their heads into some corner of my somewhat angular personality, bleating and whimpering." He is gamesome, and loves to wrestle, strenuously but in perfect good humour and sportsmanship, with his fellows. He is prodigiously strong and quite indefatigable in moving weights; and if he is sometimes short-tempered, it is only because of his own failures—for example, in architecture—which draw from him all the signs of irritation. He is a great talker, and something of a ventriloquist. He has one fault—he is

incorrigibly destructive; and, apparently through sheer *joie de vivre*, he must always be gnawing at or moving something: if it cannot be the timber of the forest, then it must be furniture, dishes, moccasins, rugs, blankets—in short, anything movable and chewable. Little wonder, then, that the cabin which was the home of Grey Owl's two greatest beaver friends, "McGinnis" and "McGinty," was often a mass of debris rather than a habitation. But these two entertaining companions were worth a good deal of forbearance; and they evidently thought that Grey Owl was worth a good deal of forbearance too. "I shall know that I am not, after all, alone in this mighty wilderness, whilst I have for neighbours the happy colonies of Ahmik, the Beaver People."

C. K. A.



THE GREATEST CATASTROPHE THAT CAN OVERTAKE A WOODSMAN, LEAVING HIM HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE EVEN IF HE ESCAPES WITH HIS LIFE: THE DESTRUCTION OF A BUSH SETTLEMENT BY FOREST FIRE.

Reproduction from "The Men of the Last Frontier," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. "Country Life."

and half-choked by the wind-driven masses of snow, cannot face the storm. Himself unable to break trail through the mounting drifts, or to keep his direction through the whirling white wall that surrounds him at the distance of a few feet, he may, if far from land, perish miserably."

Of these conditions in all their aspects, and of the tasks which they impose, Grey Owl tells an episodic but graphic narrative. He shows us the amphibious labours of the trapper, pitting himself in the frailest craft against raging waters, and on land bearing, over long portages, weights seldom less than 200 pounds, and sometimes double as much. The resistance of this steel-tempered race of men to ferocious climatic conditions is astonishing. We read of the code, the craft, the superstitions, and the unrelenting vigilance of the woods: of the intricate lore of the huntsman and the animal life which surrounds him—"the Canada lynx, great grey ghost of the Northland; the huge white Labrador wolf; white rabbits, white

weasels, the silvery ptarmigan: pale phantoms of the white silence." The lord of them all is the moose, noble beast at all times, but terrible in his fury. Incidents of Grey Owl's own experience vividly convey to the reader the fearful threat of hurricane and forest fire, the perils of the muskeg (or marsh), and the agonies of being lost and succumbing to the "madness of the woods." It is needless to say that this writer has an intimate knowledge of the customs and character of the Indians, whose cause he eloquently pleads and whose fate he justly deplures. The Indian has been alternately idealised and maligned, but all the reliable evidence shows that his degradation by the "march of progress" is a circumstance upon which the conquering Paleface has little cause to congratulate himself.

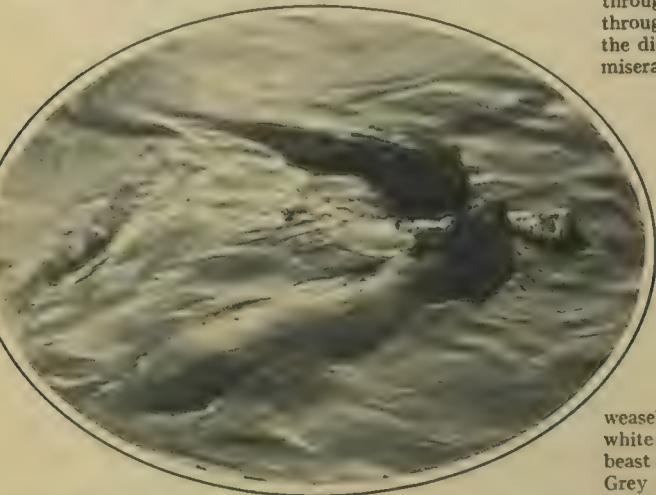
The book, however, is not purely descriptive. Grey Owl has opinions which he expresses with vigour. Speaking with the knowledge of a forest ranger, he condemns the policy which has exposed great areas of forest land to the danger of fire from careless and often unscrupulous immigrants of low intelligence and lower sense of responsibility. But most of all he condemns the reckless destruction of animal life, which is as uneconomical as it is wanton. The fate of the buffalo is the most conspicuous example; but the beaver is another and a tragic victim. So precious was beaver-fur that "at one time beaver



THE MAN WHOSE WORK IN PRESERVING THE BEAVER HAS BEEN RECOGNISED BY THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT: GREY OWL WITH A BEAVER IN HIS CANOE.

Reproduction from "The Men of the Last Frontier," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. "Country Life."

Owl was worth a good deal of forbearance too. "I shall know that I am not, after all, alone in this mighty wilderness, whilst I have for neighbours the happy colonies of Ahmik, the Beaver People."



TWO BEAVERS CO-OPERATING ON A STICK THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO HEAVY FOR ONE ALONE: AN INSTANCE OF THE ANIMAL'S REMARKABLE SAGACITY.

Reproduction from "The Men of the Last Frontier," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. "Country Life."

journeys in a land where civilisation has left no mark and opened no trails, and where there are no means of subsistence other than those provided by Nature."

It is a land of immensity and majesty, and the men who essay it are not, one would have thought, peculiarly susceptible to the charms of nature; yet it is evident in every line of this book that the austere grandeur of this white wilderness has a spell of sheer beauty for its pathfinders; and when, for example, Grey Owl tells us of autumn in the wilds, it is with the feeling of a poet that he writes. But there is also the fascination of contest and challenge; for the Haute Terre, if it is lovely, is also cruel and pitiless. "A stiff, wiry growth of sage brush, knee-deep and tangled, covers the ground over large areas. Mosquitoes, black flies, moose flies, and sand flies in relentless swarms make the forest almost uninhabitable for three months of the four of which summer consists. The immense inland seas, shallow and exposed, are frequently whipped to fury on short notice, or none at all, by terrific storms, which, gathering force over the Height of Land, lash these northern latitudes with unbelievable fury. Forest fires, irresistible, all-devouring, sweep at times through the close-set resinous timber at railroad speed, leaving in their wake a devastation of bare hills and smoking stumps; desperate indeed is the plight of the voyageur so trapped far from water. Frequently miles of rapids have to be negotiated, where only the greatest skill and courage, coupled with days at a time of heart-breaking and exhausting labour, can gain the objective. In winter snow often lies six feet deep in the woods, and at the railroad, a hundred or so miles to the south, sixty-five degrees below zero (Fahr.) is no uncommon

\* "The Men of the Last Frontier." By Grey Owl. ("Country Life," Ltd.; 10s. 6d.)



## THE SCENE OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS: SACRED PLACES AT BETHLEHEM.



IN THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM, BUILT BY CONSTANTINE AND HIS MOTHER, ST. HELENA: THE NAVE WITH ITS TALL CORINTHIAN COLUMNS.



A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT SLANTING DOWN TO AN ARCHWAY (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) LEADING TO THE GROTTA OF THE NATIVITY: ANOTHER PART OF THE HISTORIC CHURCH AT BETHLEHEM.



AT THE TRADITIONAL WELL OF THE MAGI, WHERE THEY ARE SAID TO HAVE HALTED ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM: MEMBERS OF THE CAMEL CORPS OF THE TRANSJORDAN FRONTIER FORCE.

As this number appears on the eve of Christmas, it is appropriate to illustrate the sacred place that is the centre of Christian thought and aspirations at this season. It was in 330 A.D. that Constantine first built at Bethlehem a basilica—S. Maria a Præsepio—to which additions were made later by Justinian. In the church as it stands to-day, the Grotto of the Nativity is a crypt situated beneath the transept, and approached by steps leading down from each side of the Choir.



NATURAL "FLOODLIGHTING" IN THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY: SUNLIGHT FROM DOOR AND WINDOWS ILLUMINATES THE DIM INTERIOR.



"RING IN THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE": A VIEW FROM THE BELFRY OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY LOOKING ACROSS THE ROOFS OF BETHLEHEM TO THE HILLS BEYOND.

The marble pavement of the Grotto has an inlaid star design inscribed: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est" ("Here of the Virgin Mary was born Jesus Christ"). Around the star fifteen lamps are kept burning night and day. Six of them are Greek, five Armenian, and four Latin. The Greeks and Armenians celebrate Mass here every day. Among other holy places in the church are the Oratory of the Manger and the Altar of the Magi. Near the Grotto is a cell, now a chapel, where St. Jerome translated the Scriptures. England has a special association with the church from the fact that materials for restoring the roof in 1482 were supplied by Edward IV.





### A CHRISTMAS GREETING ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Here is recorded a true courtesy of the High Seas. A barque-rigged sailing-ship, held up by contrary winds on the Cape Horn passage, is seen hove-to, with her mainsails backed, awaiting aid she has asked. Having run short of fresh water and vegetables, she hailed a passing steamer, requesting supplies. As it happened to be Christmas-tide, the steamer's lifeboat bore to the sailer not only the necessities but a gift of seasonable fare.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER.



## THE CAMERA AS NEWS-RECORDER:

## HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE CHIEF CENTRE OF THE HINDU UNTOUCHABLES' AGITATION: THE KALA RAMA TEMPLE AT NASIK.

This temple has been the scene of attempts by Hindu Untouchables to overcome by methods of passive resistance the prohibition which Hindu orthodoxy makes against their right to enter certain temples. This action has caused considerable consternation. On another page we illustrate with a striking drawing the passive resisters lying prostrate within the walls.



THE ZAGHLUL PASHA MAUSOLEUM, WHICH IS TO BECOME A TOMB FOR MUMMIES OF ANCIENT HEROES OF EGYPT: A STRUCTURE OF PHARAONIC DESIGN.

The Egyptian Government has taken over the mausoleum, recently completed in Cairo, which had been intended by the Wafd Party to hold the body of the Nationalist leader, Zaghlul Pasha, and is devoting it instead to the mummies of twenty-five ancient Egyptian heroes, including Rameses II. and the heretical King Akhnaton. This decision follows a protest by Mme. Zaghlul.



THE JAPANESE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN MANCHURIA: GENERAL HONJO REVIEWING NEWLY ARRIVED TROOPS.

It is reported that General Honjo has issued another threatening proclamation to the Chinese, in which he says that the Japanese army will take all measures to maintain the independence which Manchuria has now attained, and to keep the country free from disorder. He says that, apart from some bandit activity, Manchuria is already at peace.



THE MACHINE WHICH HOLDS THE ENGLAND-TO-AUSTRALIA AIR RECORD: MR. C. A. BUTLER LANDING AT SYDNEY AFTER HIS NINE-DAY FLIGHT.

In one of the smallest aeroplanes in the world, a Comper-Swift of British construction, with a wing span of only 21 feet and a 75-h.p. Pobjoy engine which weighs only 130 lb., Mr. C. A. Butler beat Mr. C. W. Scott's record for the flight from England to Australia by one hour, 42 minutes. Mr. Butler, before starting, anticipated that his petrol would cost only a halfpenny a mile.



THE BRIDGE DUEL BETWEEN THE "APPROACH FORCING" AND THE "OFFICIAL" BIDDING SYSTEMS—AND BEFORE A CROWD OF SOUND-FILM PHOTOGRAPHERS: MR. JACOBY, MRS. CULBERTSON, MR. LENZ, AND MR. CULBERTSON (L. TO R.).

Never before has interest been so focussed upon a bridge match as on that now proceeding in New York between Mr. Sidney Lenz and Mr. Ely Culbertson. The match, which is of 150 rubbers and for a stake of several thousand dollars, is designed to test the two rival systems of contract bidding championed by Mr. Lenz ("official") and Mr. Culbertson ("forcing"). After forty-eight rubbers the Culbertsons were slightly ahead. Mrs. Culbertson temporarily retired from the contest in order to spend Christmas with her children, and her place was taken by Mr. Theodore A. Lightner.



THE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND OF THE "FLYING FATHER CHRISTMAS": AIR-COMMODORE KINGSFORD SMITH WITH THE FIRST CHRISTMAS AIR MAIL FROM AUSTRALIA, WHICH BORE A POST-OFFICE IMPRESSION, "SPECIAL AIR MAIL FLIGHT AUSTRALIA—ENGLAND, NOVEMBER, 1931."

On December 16 Air-Commodore Kingsford Smith and his relief pilot, Mr. G. U. Allen, landed at Croydon with the first all-Australian direct air mail. Although delayed by fog and bad weather conditions in Europe, and debarred by the fact that he was carrying mail from taking risks which he might have chanced if on a record attempt, the famous airman accomplished another very fine piece of work in taking only fourteen days from Darwin and averaging 1000 miles a day until he reached Rome. The air mail had left Melbourne in an Avro Ten of Australian National Airways under another pilot, but met with an accident at Alor Star, Malaya, and was too badly damaged to continue. Air-Commodore Kingsford Smith, on hearing this news, immediately set out from Australia in another Avro Ten, picked up the mail, and completed the journey in the same machine.



UNLOADING SOME OF THE 40,000 CHRISTMAS LETTERS WHICH HAD BEEN BROUGHT FROM AUSTRALIA: AIR-COMMODORE KINGSFORD SMITH AT CROYDON.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: EVENTS AND OCCASIONS NEAR AND FAR.



(1) THE PRINCE OF WALES ADDRESSING THE TRAVEL ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. (2) MR. G. W. KETTLE, SIR JOSIAH STAMP, AND LORD ATHLONE (L. TO R., BESIDE DOOR) AT THE OPENING OF THE LONDON SAFE DEPOSIT AT DORLAND HOUSE. (3) THE ENGINE OF THE PASSENGER TRAIN DERAILED NEAR DAGENHAM; AND (4) WRECKAGE OF PASSENGER COACHES. (5) MR. LLOYD GEORGE WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AT BOMBAY. (6) MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT IN NEW YORK) RECEIVING AMERICAN REPORTERS.

The Prince of Wales, as patron of the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, addressed its third annual meeting, on December 16, at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Lord Derby (seen on his left) presided.—The London Safe Deposit (at Dorland House, Lower Regent Street), of which Mr. G. W. Kettle is owner and Governor, was opened on December 14 by Sir Josiah Stamp, who was presented by Mr. Kettle with the use of a safe for life. The Earl of Athlone thanked Mr. Kettle on behalf of the guests.—The 9.25 p.m. L.M.S. train from Fenchurch Street to Tilbury collided in fog, on December 18, with a goods train

near Dagenham Dock Station, Essex. The engine and four coaches of the passenger train and the brake van and five wagons of the goods train were derailed. One passenger and the goods-train guard were killed and about thirty passengers were injured.—Mr. Lloyd George, who recently took a health cruise to Ceylon, arrived in Bombay, with his wife and daughter, on Dec. 4. They left Ceylon for England on Dec. 17.—Mr. Churchill was knocked down by a taxicab in New York on December 13. Fortunately the effects were less serious than had been feared. On the 20th his condition was pronounced "excellent."



## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

IF triumphant ease of execution made a book a work of genius, it would be difficult to deny that honourable title to "Miramar." No recent novel that I have read proceeds with such an air of happy mastery, or achieves so much with so little apparent trouble on the part of the author. Many novelists give the impression that they are slave-driving their talents; Mr. W. B. Trites, on the other hand, carries on a delicious flirtation with his. Conscientiousness, seriousness, a sense of responsibility are the last qualities he expects of it, just as they are the last qualities to be expected of his heroine, Sarah Brooke. Not that this dashing dame, whose activities on the French Riviera fluttered so many peaceful, domestic dove-cotes, lacked a heart. Long after her husband had left her she supported his little protégé, Paul Vincent, and she did all she could for Doctor Pozzo; she tried to set him up in his profession, and when her kind offices failed and love and unhappiness unhinged a brain that was never very strong, she installed him in an expensive lunatic asylum. Pozzo's mother naturally hated her, but the reader cannot; he sees Sarah Brooke as Mr. Trites meant him to see her—a natural force, a sweet snare, an American Circe who delighted men and drove them mad. She is the spirit of the sophisticated cosmopolitan world, and she invests it with grace and poetry and melancholy. When she is absent the story languishes. Paul Vincent never quite comes to life. Endowed with a stronger moral sense than his protectress, and with the warning example of her levity before him, he cruelly abandons his wife and little boy. One cannot forgive him, nor can one acquit Mr. Trites of harrowing our feelings unnecessarily. Little Dan's blindness, Val's drug-taking—these horrors are dragged in, and they damage the effect of a book which has some perfect moments.

Miss Norah Hoult rarely weakens her gift of satire by applying it to the portrayal of happy or dignified or amiable human beings. Only one of the four lodgers in "Apartments To Let" could be described as a round peg in a round hole. Mr. Hobson fits perfectly into the environment of No. 14, Drakes-ferry Road; but Miss Hoult does not find self-complacency—even of an ignoble and uninteresting kind—a good subject, and having introduced Mr. Hobson she leaves him alone, almost as severely as he left alone Miss Moore, Miss Crossley, and Mr. Willoughby. Mr. Willoughby was in love; Miss Crossley was in search of a love-affair; and Miss Moore, in the intervals of scribbling *vers libre*, was haunted by terrors, by premonitions of evil so ubiquitous and insistent that they attached themselves to everything she saw, and through the agency of the visual eye transferred themselves to her quaking mind. Her life was a hell, and (as might be expected) her life gives its tone to Miss Hoult's book. So terrible and so convincing is the analysis of Miss Moore's demon-ridden consciousness that the reader turns with relief to Willoughby's passion for the shallow and fickle Elizabeth, and to Miss Crossley's unavailing efforts to divert the life of a newspaper paragraphist and grass-widow with an adventure begun in the cinema, continued in the public-house, and terminated by her boredom and her companion's meanness. Neither to Willoughby nor to Miss Crossley did their essays in love bring much pleasure; but Miss Hoult describes them with so much spirit and malice that they are a pleasure to the reader.

Mr. Alec Waugh's hero, Gordon Carruthers, a successful novelist, lives a life of organised gaiety in New York, London, and the South of France. The world is too much with him; one gets the impression that the human race spends its time drinking cocktails, ordering elaborate meals, frequenting night clubs, and making love indiscriminately. No one describes the fashionable cosmopolitan world better than Mr. Waugh; but he fails, I think, to make it a convincing milieu for the demon of jealousy. Surely Carruthers would have drowned his sorrows in the cocktail cup. He did not; he suffered intensely from Faith Sweden's infatuation for virile, ordinary men. There are many well-observed

characters in "When Lovers Dream," but the emotional quality is a little commonplace.

One of the characters in "Festival" writes to Dorn Griffiths: "Life's either a *fiesta* or else a long sickness." Dorn, an American millionaire banker, possessed, apparently, the means to make life a continual *fiesta*; nevertheless, the period of his history which Mr. Struthers Burt chronicles is more like a long sickness. Wealth had brought for his daughter the hand of an Italian nobleman; it did not buy Rezzonica's fidelity, though no doubt it helped to buy him drugs. At the villa on Lake Como, Dorn was the unhappy witness of his daughter's suffering and his son-in-law's degradation. A man of enquiring mind, especially where ethical and racial and metaphysical questions were concerned, a typical American and proud of it, Dorn could not lose himself in a life of luxury; the abrupt termination of a fleeting love-affair with an attractive but calculating Englishwoman left him more than ever mentally and emotionally dissatisfied. Rezzonica's suicide snaps the tension like a pistol-shot, but does not immediately clear the air. "Festival" is a long story, sincere, thoughtful, and interesting, but (like its central figure) at times a little ponderous and conventional.

The family described by Mr. Sherriff in "A Fortnight in September," comes from a different world. Cocktails were unknown, perhaps had never been heard of, at Seaview, Bognor Regis, where all five of them, father, mother, daughter, and two sons, spent their annual holiday. It was a traditional holiday; everything was worked out according to plan—to a plan, indeed, which had been inaugurated when the children were much younger. For the parents it was a delightful experience thus to renew the sensations of their early married years, and the children enjoyed the innocent, time-honoured pastimes, though the elder ones were inclined to be a little critical of the conditions prevailing at Seaview. Perhaps the holiday would not be repeated many times; therefore we are the more grateful to Mr. Sherriff for recapturing, with a precision, delicacy, and insight that are beyond praise, the exact flavour of its every mood and moment.

Sunday Island, the scene of Mr. Stephen McKenna's romantic novel, "Beyond Hell," is a settlement in the South Seas, peopled by criminals who owe their continued existence to the abolition, throughout the world, of capital punishment. The system under which they live and suffer breaks down, and a revolution follows. It is an original story; I don't remember that any novelist before Mr. McKenna has tried to construct a romance out of political theory. But the seemingly intractable material yields some exciting situations, and Mr. McKenna manages to give the impression that Professor Hedley Dixon faced the whole business in a spirit of true scientific enquiry. Less firmly

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### NOVELS REVIEWED.

*Miramar.* By W. B. Trites. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)  
*Apartments to Let.* By Norah Hoult. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
*So Lovers Dream.* By Alec Waugh. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)  
*Festival.* By Struthers Burt. (Davis; 7s. 6d.)  
*A Fortnight in September.* By R. C. Sherriff. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
*Beyond Hell.* By Stephen McKenna. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)  
*Sot.* By Leonid Leonov. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)  
*Like Water.* By I. R. G. Hart. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)  
*The Headless Hound and Other Stories.* By R. H. Mottram. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)  
*The Kingdom that Was.* By John Lambourne. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)  
*Death to the Rescue.* By Milward Kennedy. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
*Tragedy at Twelve Trees.* By Arthur Rees. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)  
*Dead Man's Watch.* By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)



MISS NORAH HOULT.  
Author of "Apartments To Let."



MR. G. D. H. AND MRS. M. COLE.  
Joint-Authors of "Dead Man's Watch."



MR. R. C. SHERRIFF, AUTHOR OF "A FORTNIGHT IN SEPTEMBER," ON THE TOWING PATH AT OXFORD. Mr. R. C. Sherriff, who became famous through his war-play, "Journey's End," is now at New College, Oxford, and, being an old rowing man, he spends some of his time coaching a college crew. He is seen here with bicycle and megaphone.

handled, the story would have degenerated into a Ruritanian romance.

There is nothing Ruritanian or romantic about "Sot." Mr. Leonid Leonov is concerned with the arduous and endurances of Russian workers under the Five Years' Plan. His book is informed with the energy of that movement; unfortunately (from the reader's standpoint) it reflects more accurately the chaos from which Russia is emerging than the order to which she aspires.

Evadne Martyn was "smooth, strong, and fluid . . . like water." So thought Lieutenant Morris, her lover of a night. Whether, if he had not been killed in the war, he would have married her is doubtful; he suspected that his mother would "find a way to like her less." She certainly was not his mother's sort. Years after the war, Mrs. Morris discovered that Evadne had been her son's mistress; and Miss Hart's elusive, absorbing narrative tells how she hunted the girl out and tried to make friends with her. She failed. Sensitive and imaginative herself, she could not get on with the complaining, calculating, common-natured creature of whom she had formed so romantic a conception. Miss Hart's handling of her theme is as unusual as the theme itself. "Like Water" is a novel for the epicure.

Whether we regard him chiefly as a war-novelist or as a chronicler of the departed glories of Easthampton, Mr. R. H. Mottram is a writer of pronounced individuality—so pronounced that it influences one's estimate of his work. Judged from the standpoint of realism, the short stories in "The Headless Hound" leave a good deal to be desired. The dialogue, for instance, which nearly always leads up to an exclamation-mark, is not a faithful imitation of ordinary modern speech. But then, Mr. Mottram does not set out to be modern. He thinks that the subject-matter of fiction, like wine, ought to have time to mature. And the stories in his latest book have a richness of content, as though Time had left its sediment in them, which is most agreeable to readers who (like Mr. Mottram) tend to look backwards with regret rather than forwards with hope.

"The Kingdom that Was" is a kind of new "Jungle Book." The hero, a big-game hunter, in the act of pursuing a wounded elephant, finds himself transported backwards in Time fifty thousand years. It is a crucial moment, he discovers, in the history of the animal kingdom, for the Leopard who acts as Regent under the Lion (King) and the Elephant (God) has abused his trust and taken to feeding on flesh. Before this, the animals seem to have been vegetable-feeders. But they unite in despising man, and give Burnett (now called Bare-Head) a very uncomfortable time—for which the joys of married life with Brown Eyes hardly compensate. Only the intervention of the Elephant saves Bare-Head from the Leopard's savagery: horrified by the conduct of his Regent, the Elephant resigns his hegemony of the animal world to man. At this point the story seems to become symbolic. Often it is rather childish; but there are some good fights and amusing touches of characterisation.

Mr. Milward Kennedy has given us an interesting detective story on new lines—making, as he himself says, "a novel of detection with a detective who is wholly amateur and has no knowledge of shell-fish or finger-prints or cigar-ash." The Superintendent's account of the whole business to the Chief Constable is very good: it is so obviously what did happen, and yet it is entirely wrong.

"Death to the Rescue" is a very original and well-written book, which will add to Mr. Kennedy's reputation.

Mr. Arthur Rees writes in a rather old-fashioned style (the word "miscreant" appears in ordinary conversation), but his story has some ingenious turns and twists; it needed all Inspector Luckraft's acumen to disentangle the rôles played by chance and by human agency in the "Tragedy at Twelve Trees."

"Dead Man's Watch" is less original. Mr. and Mrs. Cole are experienced writers who cannot entirely fail to entertain, but they are falling back on their second line of invention when they introduce to us Chief Constable Wyndham, one of those choleric, red-in-the-face Colonels with whom the pages of fiction are thronged.



MR. STRUTHERS BURT  
Author of "Festival."



## A WARRIOR TRIBE OF BURMA: WOMEN AND CUSTOMS OF THE CHINS.

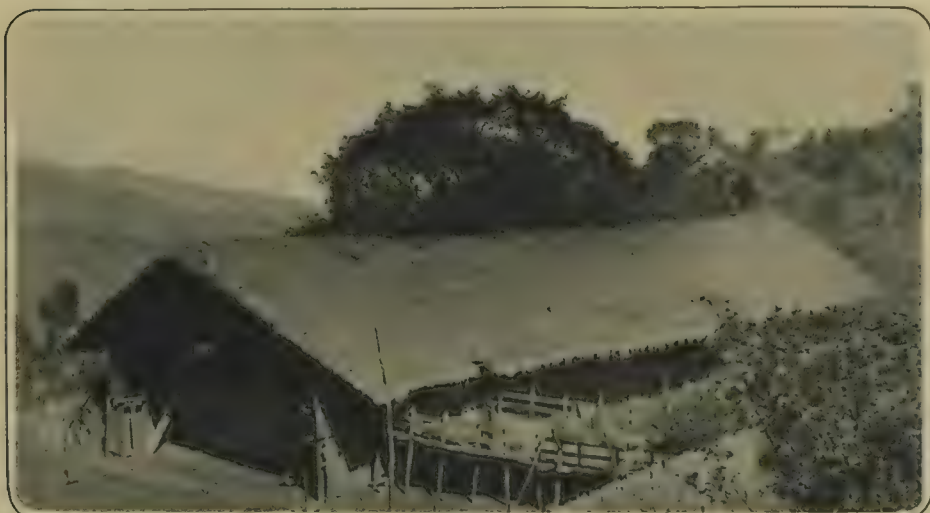


A MEMORIAL POST TO A WOMAN CHIEF, RUDELY CARVED WITH SIGNS INDICATING HER PERSONAL POSSESSIONS: A MARK OF RESPECT FROM A TRIBE WHOSE WOMENFOLK ENJOY UNUSUAL FREEDOM.

A CHIN HUNTER'S MEMORIAL: HIS HUNTING TROPHIES—INCLUDING HEADS OF GORAL, SEROW, SAMBHAR, AND BARKING DEER, AND SKULLS OF BOARS, MONKEYS, AND BEARS.



THE WOMEN'S EVERYDAY DRESS: CHIN GIRLS WEARING THEIR HEAVY BUT VERY ORNAMENTAL GIRDLES, COMPOSED OF THOUSANDS OF SMALL IRON RINGS THREADED CLOSELY ON CORD AND POLISHED BRIGHT AS SILVER.



A CHIN HOUSE SET AMONG THE ROLLING WOODED HILLS OF THE LAND: A VERY SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT HOME, FORTY TO FIFTY YARDS LONG AND ALL HEWN OUT WITH AN AXE; WITH STOUT FLOOR-BOARDS OF PINE INSIDE.



A CHIEF'S FAMILY, WITH TWO EXCEPTIONALLY FINE "MYTHUN" HEADS: SHOWING THE MASSIVE CARVED WOODEN SCREEN AT THE END OF THE COMPOUND, WITH ITS CURIOUS CIRCULAR DOORWAYS, ONE OF WHICH IS SEEN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



A CHIN "BOI-NU," OR CHIEFTAINESS, IN FULL DRESS, SEATED IN FRONT OF A CIRCULAR DOORWAY OF A SCREEN: THE CHIEF'S WIFE WEARING A HAND-WOVEN AND RICHLY EMBROIDERED SILK DRESS.

With the Burma Round Table Conference in being, any new side-light on that country is bound to be of particular interest now. These photographs are of the Chins—a people whose warlike qualities make them suitable recruits in the military police used in suppressing the Burma rebellion. In this connection, our correspondent writes: "The Chins are a healthy and vigorous hill race of particular attraction—warm-hearted and brave, hospitable and responsive, and quick to learn military discipline, cleanliness, and another mode of life, while still keeping to their race pride and traditions. As the Burmese do not take kindly to military

discipline and a soldier's life (at any rate, during times of peace), in a freed Burma the force kept up for internal security will have to be drawn largely from the Chins and the Kachins." The Chins, with a population of some 200,000, live in the hill country to the west of the Irrawaddy basin; the Kachins in the extreme north. The Chin women enjoy a degree of influence and freedom which is remarkable in the East. With regard to the "mythun" heads in our photograph, this beast, a domestic animal with the Chins, is a hybrid of the wild gaur bull and the domestic cow. It now breeds true and is an established species.





A PUFFIN—THE COMMONEST SEA-BIRD ON ST. KILDA.

## THE EFFECT OF THE EXODUS FROM ST. KILDA UPON THE ISLAND'S FAUNA AND FLORA: INTERESTING CHANGES OBSERVED DURING A RECENT VISIT.

By DAVID LACK.



A RARE TYPE OF BIRD INHABITING ST. KILDA: A LEACH'S FORK-TAILED PETREL.



A FULMAR PETREL—ONCE A BIRD PECULIAR TO ST. KILDA.

IN September 1930, the island of St. Kilda, fifty miles west of the Outer Hebrides, was evacuated by the inhabitants, and the people took away with them all their live-stock, which included about a thousand sheep. There was thus created a problem of extreme scientific interest. How would the fauna and flora of this small and remote island, which is only some two-and-a-half square miles in area, be affected by the exodus? It was to study the changes that might already have taken place, and to provide a basis of observation for future changes, that a party from Oxford and Cambridge spent three weeks on the island this summer.

The St. Kilda group consists of four larger islands—Hirta, the main island (sometimes itself referred to

in its own fat, which some of us thought delicious. It tasted like chicken saturated with olive oil. St. Kilda has yet another interest to the ornithologist, in that it was a stronghold of the now extinct great auk, and on Stac an Armin one of the last of these birds is said to have been killed (as a witch!), in about 1840.

Already, between the time of the evacuation and of our visit, several changes had occurred in the wild life. The chief of these was a tragedy. The post-office mouse, evidently quite dependent for its food on the former inhabitants, was found to be extremely scarce, and this species, perhaps the chief ornament of the St. Kilda fauna, seems doomed to total extinction. Fortunately, the field-mouse and the wren showed

no signs of diminution. The latter was in a flourishing condition, and was nesting on the precipitous cliffs, and also, occasionally, inside cleits—peculiar store-houses made of stone and with turf roofs.

The work of the party involved the taking of a census of all the land birds breeding on the island, and three species—the tree sparrow, hooded crow, and starling—had already greatly decreased. The insects and plants were also carefully studied, and two important botanical changes were found to be occurring. The formerly cultivated area round the village was gradually reverting to the moorland characteristic of the rest of the island, and on the moorland itself—owing to the cessation of grazing—heather was gradually

replacing the grass. These changes will, of course, affect the insects and other small land-animals.

When the party arrived on St. Kilda, it found that six of the inhabitants had returned for the summer, their main object being to make the famous St. Kilda tweed. We were given the opportunity to observe their amazing skill in climbing rocks and in snaring the cliff-nesting birds. The Sabbath was strictly enforced, and a morning service was held in the tiny church, first for an hour in English and then

for an hour in Gaelic. Nor were we quite isolated during our stay; two yachts came over on August Bank Holiday, and when they left they took off a mail for us. Several trawlers sought shelter during storms. Storms were not infrequent, and on one occasion nearly brought disaster on us. We were rowing back in an open boat from an expedition to the island of Soay, which adjoins St. Kilda, when a squall sprang up. We rounded the headland to make the harbour with the tide running out and the gale full in our faces. For ten minutes the boat could make absolutely no progress. The wind then became gusty, and between the gusts we were able to make a little headway, and finally, after an exciting struggle and soaked to the skin, we reached the shelter of the harbour.

Through the kindness of Sir Reginald MacLeod of MacLeod, we lived in the Factor's house. Five of the St. Kildans were staying in the manse, which adjoins the school-house and church, and the other, Finlay Macqueen, who, though nearly seventy years old, was still a magnificent climber, lived at No. 2, Main Street. The fifteen other houses in the Main Street were already falling into disrepair, but the post office, St. Kilda's one shop, still showed a bold front of painted wood and an undamaged tin roof, and was a reminder of the now scattered colony.

We were fetched off on Aug. 13 by the S.S. *Dunara Castle*, and the islanders left with us, so that St. Kilda is once more deserted. The future of the island is awaited with great interest. The sudden removal of all inhabitants and live-stock from a small island provides a novel faunal experiment. At the same time, considerable interest is felt with regard to the fate of its rare or peculiar species. As is well known, Lord Dumfries, the eldest son of the Marquess of Bute, has bought the island, and it is stated that he intends to make it into a sanctuary for birds and other animals. Hence, save for the unfortunate house-mouse, St. Kilda's remarkable fauna should be safe.



A TYPICAL "CLEIT" ON DESERTED ST. KILDA; WITH THE VILLAGE, INCLUDING THE POST OFFICE (LEFT) BEHIND: ONE OF THE STONE HUTS IN WHICH THE NATIVES STORED WINTER FODDER AND FUEL.

as St. Kilda), Dùn, Soay, and Boreray. In addition, there are numerous stacs, and of these Stac an Armin (627 feet) is reputed the highest in the British Isles. The cliffs are magnificent, and on parts of Hirta and Soay rise well over a thousand feet. They are often exceedingly steep, and in several places the sea has carved great tunnels through the rock. Through one of these natural arches, on the island of Dùn, the St. Kildans used regularly to take their boats, as it cut short a long journey round the far end of the island. The mainland of Hirta is extremely steep, and the village lies in a crescent round the bay, with the hills rising steeply up on all sides to form a giant amphitheatre.

St. Kilda is almost barren. There are no trees, few brightly coloured flowers, no bees, wasps, or resident butterflies, no reptiles or amphibians, and, save for the mice and seals, no wild mammals were observed by the visitors; not even rabbits. The only song bird is the wren. But there are many compensations, for the island possesses three peculiar forms—the St. Kilda house-mouse (the so-called "post-office mouse"), the St. Kilda field-mouse, and the St. Kilda wren. In addition, it is one of the few breeding-places of the Atlantic seal and of the fork-tailed petrel. Its colony of gannets is the largest in the world, and until some fifty years ago St. Kilda was the only British breeding-place of the Fulmar petrel. The Fulmar formed one of the staple foods of the islanders, who also exported large quantities of its oil. When they began to persecute it less, the bird increased, and it rapidly spread over much of Scotland, and has now reached even the north coast of England. On St. Kilda it is extremely abundant, and we tried the native recipe of young Fulmar fried



THE GRAVEYARD OF ST. KILDA, WITH SOME OF THE DESERTED COTTAGES BEYOND: THE ENCLOSURE WHICH IS CLAIMED TO BE THE ONLY SPOT IN THE ISLANDS ON WHICH THE COMMON NETTLE GROWS.



## THE QUESTION OF LIFE ON DESERTED ST. KILDA: THE ISLAND REVISITED.



ST. KILDA, NOW A BIRD SANCTUARY: STAC NA BIORACH (236 FT. HIGH, AND ONE OF THE HARDEST CLIMBS IN THE BRITISH ISLES), IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN HIRTA (RIGHT) AND SOAY (LEFT).



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE HILLS ON TO THE VILLAGE OF ST. KILDA (LEFT) IN ITS GLEN SHAPED LIKE AN AMPHITHEATRE: THE SEMI-CIRCULAR HARBOUR, WITH THE ISLAND OF DÙN ON THE RIGHT.



THE DIMINUTIVE LANDING-STAGE AT ST. KILDA: THE BEACH AT LOW TIDE, WITH (AT THE BACK) THE PASS—SOME 700 FT. HIGH—LEADING FROM VILLAGE GLEN TO THE NORTH, OR GREAT GLEN.



THE VILLAGE OF ST. KILDA, WITH CONACHAIR RISING BEHIND IT: A MOUNTAIN (NEARLY 1400 FT.) THAT DROPS SHEER INTO THE SEA ON THE OTHER SIDE, AS ONE OF BRITAIN'S HIGHEST CLIFFS.



IN THE ABANDONED VILLAGE WHERE AREAS FORMERLY CULTIVATED ARE NOW REVERTING TO MOORLAND: THE MANSE (RIGHT); AND THE CHURCH AND THE SCHOOL-HOUSE, WHICH RUN INTO EACH OTHER.



A STONE "CLEIT" (STOREHOUSE) USED AS A NESTING-PLACE BY THE ST. KILDA WREN—A BIRD FOUND TO HAVE FLOURISHED SINCE THE ISLAND WAS ABANDONED.

The evacuation of St. Kilda was fully illustrated by us in September of last year, when the islanders, whose man-power had dwindled, appealed to be transferred to the mainland. Later it was announced that the island had been bought from its former owner, the MacLeod of MacLeod, by a syndicate interested in ornithology which had Lord Dumfries as one of its partners. Henceforward, St. Kilda was to remain as a sanctuary for the bird life with which it abounds. More recently, it was visited by a party from Oxford and Cambridge, whose object it was to study the effects on the fauna and flora of the islands of the evacuation by the inhabitants. A description of the conditions of the animal and plant life of St. Kilda as they were then is given in an extremely interesting article on the opposite page. Already changes are to be observed: the celebrated "Post-Office Mouse," of St. Kilda (*Mus muralis*), evidently quite dependent for its food on the former inhabitants, was found to be extremely scarce, and the species seems

doomed to total extinction. The St. Kilda field-mouse, on the other hand, and the St. Kilda wren showed no signs of diminution. The latter was in a flourishing condition and was nesting on the precipitous cliffs, and also occasionally inside cleits, the stone storehouses of St. Kilda, as illustrated above. A census of the land birds breeding on the island proved that tree sparrows, hooded crows, and starlings had already greatly decreased. Two botanical changes were seen to be in progress—the formerly cultivated area round the one village on St. Kilda is reverting to moorland, and on the moorland, owing to the cessation of grazing, heather is gradually replacing grass. Doubtless these changes will, in time, affect the insects and other small land-animals.



## THE LIFE-LIKE JAPANESE MARIONETTE THEATRE:



REHEARSING, THAT ALL MOVEMENTS MAY BE MADE AS REALISTIC AS POSSIBLE: THE CHIEF MANIPULATOR OF A JAPANESE PUPPET PRACTISING CONTROL OF THE DOLL'S HEAD AND RIGHT ARM.



A JAPANESE DOLL-MANIPULATOR IN HIS BLACK CLOAK OF "IMPERSONALITY" AND WEARING THE HIGH "PAPPAS" WHICH ENABLE HIM TO RAISE THE DOLL TO A HIGHER STAGE.

## PUPPETS THAT CAN SMOKE AND PLAY INSTRUMENTS.



A JAPANESE PUPPET WEARING THE GARB AND MASK OF A HERO: YURANOSUKE, LEADER OF THE "FORTY-SEVEN RONIN"; SHOWING THE APPRENTICE MANIPULATOR ATTENDING TO THE PUPPET'S FEET.



THE FULL ORCHESTRA AT A PUPPET-SHOW, ACCOMPANYING THE PRINCIPAL SINGER IN A GRAND DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGE: MINSTRELS AND SAMISEN-PLAYERS, ALL GARBED IN BRILLIANT CEREMONIAL ROBES.



THE "GREEN ROOM" OF A JAPANESE DOLL-THEATRE: VARIOUS PUPPETS DRESSED ACCORDING TO THEIR STATE AND DISPOSITION, TO GIVE HIGHLY REALISTIC REPRESENTATIONS OF PEOPLE IN ALL WALKS OF JAPANESE LIFE.



BUNGORO YOSHIDA, A FAMOUS JAPANESE DOLL-MANIPULATOR: THE SHOWMAN WITH HIS PUPPET, MATSUMARO, WHO SACRIFICES HIS SON TO SAVE THE HEIR OF AN IMPERIAL MINISTER.



A SCENE FROM THE "FORTY-SEVEN RONIN": THE LEADER OF THE PUPPET RONIN READING A LETTER IN THE PLOT TO AVENGE HIS MASTER'S DEATH; WITH A SPY BENEATH THE VERANDAH RECEIVING THE INFORMATION.



BUNGORO YOSHIDA, CALLED THE BEST-KNOWN SHOWMAN OF WOMEN-DOLLS IN JAPAN: A JAPANESE WOMAN-DOLL WITH THE CHIEF OF ITS THREE MANIPULATORS, WHO WORKS THE HEAD AND THE RIGHT ARM.

As noted on the following pages, the Japanese marionette-plays are characterised by great realism, and, at the same time, by the most curious conventions. Each doll has three manipulators, who are clothed in black and wear hoods to obliterate their personalities on the stage, to make them, as it were, invisible to the audience; while they also wear high wooden foot-gear (as seen in the second illustration on this page) which are used when the dolls have to be raised to a higher plane to fit the action or the scenery. The chief manipulator, who controls the doll's

head and right hand, can, if he be famous enough, appear in full theatrical dress on the marionette-stage. The plays are recited by a minstrel who sits at the side, to the accompaniment of a *samisen*. In descriptive passages the singer brings before the imagination scenes which it would be impossible for the stage to represent adequately, and at such moments there are four minstrels and as many *samisen*-players, who are garbed, as in our illustration, in brilliant ceremonial costume. The dolls move their eyes, and even elevate their eyebrows in scorn or surprise.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ZOE KINCAID.



# THE JAPANESE DOLL-DRAMA—WITH THREE WORKERS FOR EACH PUPPET.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ZOE KINCAID.



WITH VISIBLE MANIPULATORS DURING A REHEARSAL: A JAPANESE MARIONETTE SHOW IN WHICH THE DOLLS ARE ALMOST LIFE-SIZE—SHOWING PUPPETS AND THEIR WORKERS; A SILVER-AND-BLUE CASCADE WHICH REVOLVES BY MECHANICAL MEANS; CHERRY TREES; AND (RIGHT AND LEFT) THE HOUSES OF THE LOVERS SEPARATED BY FATE, BUT UNITED IN DEATH.



WITH "BLACKED-OUT" MANIPULATORS AND VISIBLE CHIEF MANIPULATORS: A JAPANESE DOLL-DRAMA BEING PLAYED ON THE TYPICAL LONG AND NARROW STAGE—SHOWING A SCENE WITH FIVE DOLL-CHARACTERS "ON"; EACH ONE ATTENDED BY THREE MANIPULATORS, TWO OF WHOM ARE PRESUMED OBLITERATED.

To the Western mind, a marionette-show is a performance simple, heavily stylised, and, though it may be very funny in an odd mechanical way, it parodies and caricatures rather than raises serious emotions. In Japan the marionette-stage touches the deepest feelings of its audience; the dolls are realistic; and they enjoy a certain dignity, since the ballad-dramas which were written for them have become the dramatic literature of the nation. To begin with, each Japanese puppet has three manipulators. The chief of these attends to the head and to the right arm, with which the most honourable and significant gestures are made; the second looks after the left arm; and the apprentice manages the feet. The manipulators are in full view of the audience, but are clad in black, with black

hoods, and therefore are presumed to be obliterated. An exception is made when the chief manipulator has reached the crowning point of his career, when he may go on to the stage, wearing a gay theatrical costume and having his face uncovered. The play is recited by a minstrel, who kneels on the right of the stage. In recitation he will pass from the voice of a child to that of a robber, or a peasant, priest, warrior, emperor, or courtier. In addition, he sings the lyric portions, describes the love scenes, the death agonies, the beauty of the landscape, and even what is passing in the minds of the characters. Finally, the settings for Japanese doll-plays show an elaborate realism. Sumptuous gold screens form the background in a feudal mansion; a drab interior goes with a humble cottage.





## THE JAPANESE DOLL-DRAMA:

A FORM OF MARIONETTE-SHOW WHICH DIFFERS ENTIRELY FROM THE WESTERN TYPE, BLENDING REALISM WITH CURIOUS CONVENTIONS.



By ZOE KINCAID. (Illustrations of the Japanese Puppet-Drama will be found on the two preceding pages.)

THE art of the marionette has reached a high degree of perfection in Japan. The dolls have dignity; for them the ballad-dramas were written which have become the dramatic literature of the nation. Almost life-size, each doll is managed by three men, and its movements have remarkable precision and spontaneity, showing little of a puppet's uncertainty of gesture and wobbliness.

The principal manipulator in the Ningyo Shibai, or Doll Theatre, attends to the head and the right arm, and is responsible for the principal gestures which give expression to the character the doll impersonates. Closely associated with him is the man who takes care of the left arm; while the third man controls the movements of the feet. The leading player creates the finer expressions of the drama; the other two support him, every movement they make being in concert and following his lead.

These *ningyo-tsukai*, or doll-handlers, are in full view of the audience, and are clad all in black, appearing like shadows when they are grouped behind the radiant figures. They wear black coverings over the backs of their hands to conceal their flesh from view, leaving the thumb and palm free. To obliterate their personalities, a cowl-like hood is attached to their costume, but over the face a flap hangs loose, within which is a wire frame to keep the black mask from interfering with their sight as they perform their innumerable and complicated tasks. One of the most interesting properties of the doll-players is their high wooden footgear, which are used when the dolls must

scene, which is further maintained and emphasised by the singing and reciting of the minstrel and the accompaniment of the *semisen*.

The minstrelsy to which the dolls move is called *Joruri*, because it was a ballad concerning an unfortunate young lady of this name which gave the impetus to the ballad-drama as performed by the dolls. The *tayū*, or *Joruri-man*, kneels on a cushion to the right of the stage. Before him is a small book-stand, lacquered in black and gold, with his crest upon it, proclaiming his descent from a long line of minstrels. It is further ornamented by two heavy silk tassels. Candles ensconced in tall lacquered holders shed their light upon the black-letter text of the play which is spread out before him. The minstrel recites the dialogue, passing swiftly from the voice of a child to that of a robber, from a youthful hero to an elderly warrior, from fishermen and soldiers to peasants and priests, emperors or courtiers. In addition he sings the lyric portions,

or what might be called the chorus, describing love-scenes, death-bed agonies, the beauty of landscapes, what is passing through the heads of his characters—the realm of imagination. The minstrel is thus a man of many voices, and throughout the rendering of the play the *samisen*-player, strumming upon his strings with an ivory plectrum, lends active assistance, strengthening the suggestion of grief or gladness, wickedness or virtue, which the moving figures on the stage depict, producing on his simple three-stringed instrument a surprising variety of music.

Kabuki, or the popular theatre, and Ningyo Shibai, or the Doll Theatre, rose at the same time, about three hundred years ago, as amusements of the people. But the marionettes and their collaborators went ahead of the theatre of actors of flesh and blood, developing realistic drama which has stood the test of time. For the dolls two hundred playwrights collaborated, and a thousand ballad-dramas have been handed down. Kabuki actors appreciated the types of characters evolved by the doll-stage and the dramatic situations in the plays which gave them such good opportunities to shine in their acting, and the Kabuki producers appropriated the stage settings, properties, and even the costumes and wigs.

The eyes of the dolls move up and down and make sidewise glances. They elevate their eyebrows in surprise or scorn. In some characters the mouth opens and shuts. The hands are jointed and, being flexible, there is no monotony in the gestures. In the legs awkwardness is displayed, as though the stage folk had not fully coped with these members, and therefore they are not managed as skilfully as the arms and heads. The dolls often appear to be walking on air. It is when they kneel in the customary fashion of everyday life in Japan that they are at their best. At a glance, the audience is able to distinguish between

the personages of the doll theatre, not only through long familiarity, but because the costumes worn tell at once the rank, age, and nature of the character.

But nothing on the doll stage shows such unerring theatrical instinct as the dolls' faces. The costumes may be renewed from time to time, and the legs and arms replaced, but the faces of the *ningyo* belong to a craft of the past, and there are no artisans capable of fashioning them at present. Their faces reveal whether the dolls are rich or poor, old or young, good or evil. But, as the facial expression does not change,



A TYPE FROM THE JAPANESE MARIONETTE-SHOW, THE DOLLS IN WHICH ARE ALMOST LIFE-SIZE AND MOST REALISTIC: A DIGNIFIED MATRON.



THE "BEAUTY" IN THE JAPANESE PUPPET-THEATRE: A MARIONETTE DRESSED UP IN FULL FEMALE FINERY.

gestures and movements must necessarily be significant to offset this lack of personality. The players seek to convey the dramatic feeling and variations of human nature by complicated pantomime, posture, and symbolic movement. In the dance, particularly, the dolls perform as no human actor could ever hope to do.

The doll plays are produced in the most realistic manner, and for the great variety of scenes elaborate properties are required. Sumptuous gold screens form the background in a feudal mansion, a drab interior is seen for a humble cottage; the characters may

act with a chrysanthemum garden for setting, a temple by the seaside, a shrine in a forest, or a spring festival beneath the cherry-trees. When a character enjoys a pipe, the smoke issues forth in a most uncanny manner. Young ladies of high degree play on the *koto*, or harp, their movements in exact accord with the rhythms of the musicians kneeling beside the minstrel on the platform to the right of the stage. In a clash of arms, scenes between youthful lovers, the intrigues of villains, deaths of heroes, the realistic elements are uppermost.

The actors of the popular stage are greatly indebted to the types of women evolved by the playwrights who collaborated for the dolls. They are super-women, like Miranda, created of every creature's best. Not only are they willing to sacrifice themselves for lord or

master, but they are faithful and dutiful to husbands and parents. It is perhaps their femininity which makes the strongest appeal and has caused them to survive the vicissitudes of time.



ANOTHER TYPE OF JAPANESE MARIONETTE: A LADY IN TRAVELLER'S GARB JOURNEYING ON THE HIGHWAY.

be raised to fit the action or scenery. These are wooden stands, varying in height, but often several feet high, having thongs for the toes, like Japanese sandals.

Since the dolls are not a light burden, especially the heroic figures in armour or belles of the gay quarter wearing tortoise-shell hairpins and padded kimonos, it is not easy for the operators to move about in their clogs, especially when they are swept into the action of a play. In some of the dramatic situations, as the characters move to a climax, the doll-players stamp their feet, treading out a strong rhythm that adds to the emotional intensity of the



DOLL-HEADS USED IN JAPANESE MARIONETTE-SHOWS: AN OLD WARRIOR, GRIM AND FEARLESS (LEFT); A YOUNG HERO OF NOBLE MIEN; AND (BELOW) A LOW-COMEDIAN.



## CHRISTMAS TREES AND LIGHTS OF GOD'S ACRE: A KITZBÜHEL CUSTOM.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN A FAIRYLAND TOWN OF TYROL: SNOW-COVERED GRAVES IN THE CHURCHYARD AT KITZBÜHEL DECKED WITH CHRISTMAS TREES AND BRIGHTLY ILLUMINATED BY LITTLE LAMPS.

**K**ITZBÜHEL, the home of the quaint Christmas custom illustrated here, is justly famed as one of the most picturesque little towns in all Tyrol. J. D. Newth, in his "Austria," writes: "All up the main street of Kitzbühel the broad-eaved houses jostle each other, deep-jutting gables over the whitewashed and cream-washed walls and gay-coloured window-shutters, and at the top the road passes out under an ancient gatehouse that looks very domestic and not at all forbidding." Imagine this cheerful street with snow lying thickly, and lying even more thickly on these "deep-jutting gables" at Christmas time. Then turn into the churchyard at dusk on Christmas

[Continued opposite.



WHERE EVEN THE DEAD ARE BELIEVED TO SHARE IN THE CHRISTMAS REJOICINGS: A SMALL CHRISTMAS TREE LIGHTED ON A GRAVE AT KITZBÜHEL.

[Continued].

Eve. A scene more fascinating than can easily be believed has been set by the piety of the Tyrolese. For it is a very old custom of Kitzbühel to deck the graves with little lamps; or even to set Christmas trees with candles there. The light from the windows of the church itself is reflected by the sparkling snow that covers walls and trees and tombstones; the lights of the Gothic town shine yellow, and behind them mountains tower up in all directions; there is the sound of Yuletide minstrelsy, giving the feeling of a tale by Hans Andersen, pictured by Arthur Rackham or Edmund Dulac, child-honoured interpreters of the charm of fairyland.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### MORE NOT-SO-VERY-LETHAL WEAPONS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

by Boutet at the Imperial factory at Versailles. They are mounted with silver and gold. Both this pair and the Emperor Paul's have long since passed from the Russian Imperial collection to the United States.

this was because the public preferred it, or because suitable wood was hard to come by, is not known. Steel is not an easy material to work, and was very little used for stocks on the Continent. Butts in the early days are thin, flat, and fish-tailed; another

type is globular, and this develops into a rather cumbrous heart-shape. The fish-tail becomes an elegant scroll butt in the eighteenth century, and in the more ornate examples the cock is given an engraved or pierced comb which has an extraordinarily decorative effect.

The better sort, of course, have survived because they were treasured by the families for whom they were originally made, but a great number of honest imitations of the old elaborate patterns were made in England during the first part of the nineteenth century and sold as articles of ceremonial Highland dress—cos-

tume pistols, in fact, which are decorative enough until they are examined closely. Apart from poor quality of engraving, these reproductions, according to Mr. C. E. Whitelaw, the leading authority on this subject, all bear the Birmingham proof-marks on the barrels. On the question of the gradual decay of the craft north of the border, the same authority's words are worth quoting: "In the earlier examples the whole piece was of native workmanship, but probably, early in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the practice came into use of importing the barrels from England. Nearly all the firearms of this description which I have examined belonging to the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and all of those made during the first half of the nineteenth century, have barrels bearing the proof-marks of Birmingham or London. The locks and stocks were made and fitted in Scotland, but gun-makers in a small way merely assembled, apparently, the parts purchased from the manufacturers in Birmingham, and fitted the stocks; while merchants, such as ironmongers, sold firearms imported complete, either with no signature or with the names of these ironmongers or agents engraved in Birmingham upon the pieces."

As to the decoration, the favourite device is a pleasant leaf-scroll and rosette; as is natural, the thistle is found fairly frequently, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century the Dutch tulip appears. The most graceful and the most costly examples are those which date from the first half of the eighteenth century.

ON this page last week I wrote about the three types of firearm lock in use before the progress of civilisation put into our hands such eminently efficient instruments of wholesale slaughter as we now possess. But before getting away from technicalities and emphasising the beauty of many of

the weapons that have survived the years, here is one great rarity (Fig. 2) which most old soldiers will find of interest. I wonder how many who glance at these words will remember a certain feeling of comfort induced by the sight of a bayonet attached to the muzzle of their rifle: not that one ever used the beastly thing, for few combatants on either side reached the base with a bayonet-wound, but there it was, gleaming and wicked and business-like, good for morale, and held in great honour by well-fed sergeant-instructors and those entertaining theorists who tell you, from an armchair, how to fight at close

2. AN INGENIOUS GERMAN ARM OF THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A COMBINED WHEEL-LOCK PISTOL AND RAPIER—THE REVERSE OF THE MODERN RIFLE AND BAYONET!

quarters. This example is also business-like and was no doubt equally good for morale; but whereas the modern bayonet is an addition to a rifle, here a pistol is an addition to a rapier. Normally, a bullet gets there before a bayonet: in this case I would back the rapier; for, quite apart from the question of taking aim, I doubt if the original German owner of this piece—it dates from about 1620 or so—could have relied upon its wheel-lock mechanism half as much as upon his well-tempered blade, and it is fairly safe to assume that not many such ingenious combinations formed an ordnance issue of the period.

The other illustrations are works of art as well as weapons of more or less precision, and two of them possess a very special personal interest. Fig. 3 is one of a pair made by the firm of Griffin and Tow, of New Bond Street, for the man who was to become the Emperor Paul of Russia; not all its three barrels were proof against his eventual assassination by strangulation. The flint-lock is very well seen in the illustration, as also the fine engraving on the silver mount. The hall-mark is that for the year 1775. More elaborate, and perhaps not in the finest taste, but of the greatest historic interest, are the pair of duelling pistols of Fig. 4, made for Napoleon



1. EXAMPLES OF A NATIONAL TYPE OF WEAPON: A PAIR OF SCOTTISH STEEL PISTOLS INLAID WITH SILVER; MADE BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL OF DOUNE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

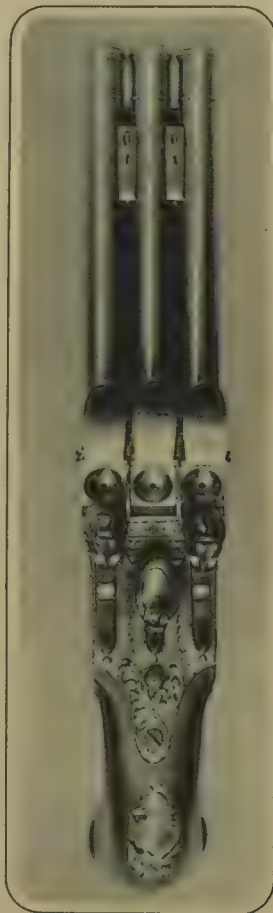
Fig. 1 is, perhaps, less romantic, but demands more space as an example of a national type which must always, in every book upon the subject, be given a chapter to itself. It shows a pair of Scottish pistols by Alexander Campbell, of Doune, in Perthshire, of steel inlaid with silver. They date from the middle of the eighteenth century. A much earlier Scottish pistol was illustrated here last week. Scotland occupies a rather proud position in the manufacture of firearms as far as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are concerned, partly, no doubt, because she was somewhat isolated, and partly because the possession of some sort of convenient weapon was a necessity of the times rather than a luxury. Whatever the reason, Scottish pistols are distinctive, and, if they do not quite attain to the artistry of, say, the seventeenth-century Italian, they exhibit a very high standard of craftsmanship indeed. Cheap imports from Birmingham, and, no doubt, the gradual amelioration of manners, killed the local industry after it had flourished from about 1600 to 1850.

Here are a few points worth notice. Except in rare early muskets (which have nothing to do with pistols) there is no trigger-guard—an extraordinary omission for which it is difficult to find an explanation. The favourite material was steel, but whether



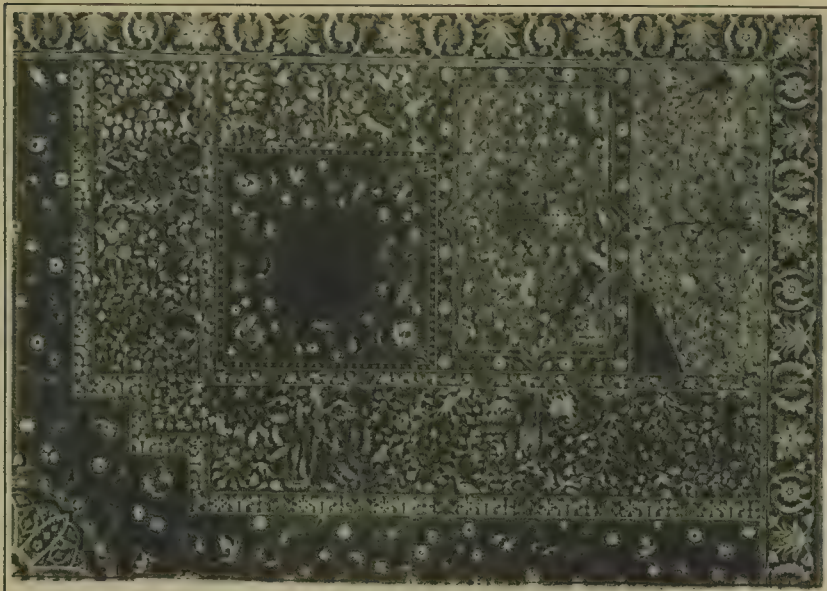
4. A PAIR OF DUELLING PISTOLS MADE FOR NAPOLEON BY BOUTET, AT THE IMPERIAL FACTORY AT VERSAILLES: PIECES OF GREAT HISTORIC INTEREST MOUNTED IN SILVER AND GOLD, AND ONCE INCLUDED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL COLLECTION.

Photographs by Courtesy of Mr. H. Furmage.



3. A WEAPON THAT IS OF PECULIAR HISTORIC INTEREST: ONE OF A PAIR OF THREE-BARRELLED FLINT-LOCK PISTOLS MADE BY GRIFFIN AND TOW, OF NEW BOND STREET, FOR THE EMPEROR PAUL OF RUSSIA; MOUNTED IN SILVER HALL-MARKED 1775.





PART OF A GREAT CARPET MADE IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA TO COVER THE MAIN LOBBY OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL IN NEW YORK: A SECTION, SHOWING DETAIL OF THE DESIGN.



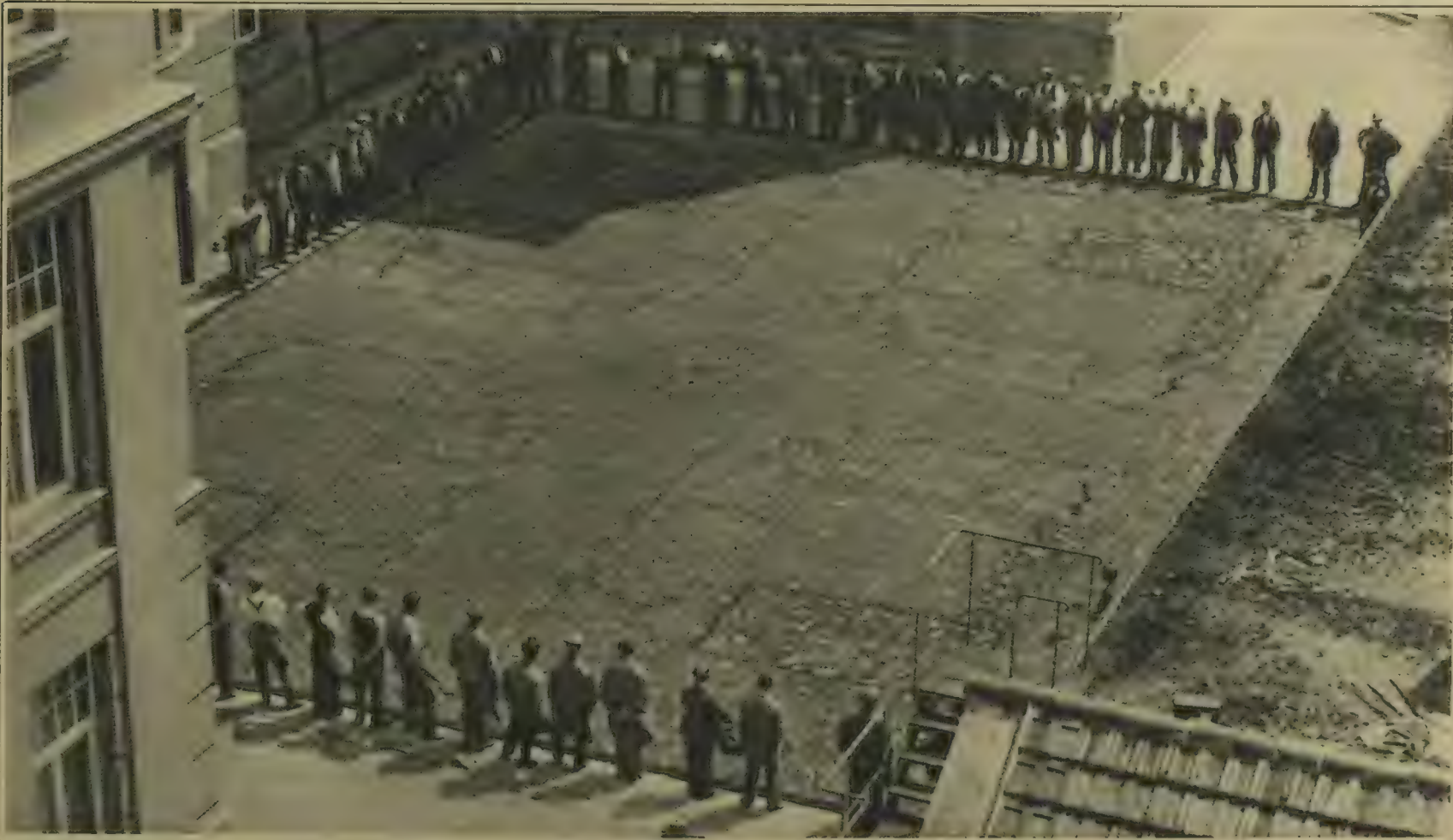
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CARPET ROLLED UP AND RESEMBLING A HUGE CATERPILLAR: THE MONSTER REQUIRING A SMALL ARMY OF MEN TO LOAD IT ON A DOUBLE LORRY AT MAFFERSDORF FOR TRANSPORT TO HAMBURG.



HOW THE ENORMOUS CARPET WAS SHIPPED FOR ITS TRANSPORT TO NEW YORK: A TOWER-LIKE BOX CONTAINING IT BEING LOWERED INTO THE HOLD OF A VESSEL IN THE DOCKS AT HAMBURG.

Two enormous carpets, one of which is said to be the largest in the world, have recently been made at the I. Ginzkey Mills in Maffersdorf, Czecho-Slovakia, to the order of the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. The larger carpet is described as being 350 square metres (or over 380 square yards) in area, 3000 kilogrammes (over 12,000 lb.) in weight, and consisting of 13,013,600 knots. "The

(Continued below.)



THE WORLD'S LARGEST CARPET, COVERING AN AREA OF NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED SQUARE YARDS, AND CONTAINING OVER THIRTEEN MILLION KNOTS: A LAST INSPECTION OF THE COMPLETED WORK AT MAFFERSDORF, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, BEFORE ITS DESPATCH TO HAMBURG FOR SHIPMENT TO NEW YORK.

*Continued.* smaller carpet," writes our correspondent, "is of 8,569,600 knots only. Both are hand-tufted, and they are destined for the main lobby and main foyer of the new hotel. Of course the loom used for making these hand-tufted carpets is also the biggest in the world." Some of our photographs show the despatch

of the "record" carpet from Maffersdorf to Hamburg and its shipment thence to New York. The Waldorf-Astoria, which is a huge building of sky-scraper type, occupying a whole block on Park Avenue, is claimed to be the tallest hotel that has yet been put up anywhere in the world.

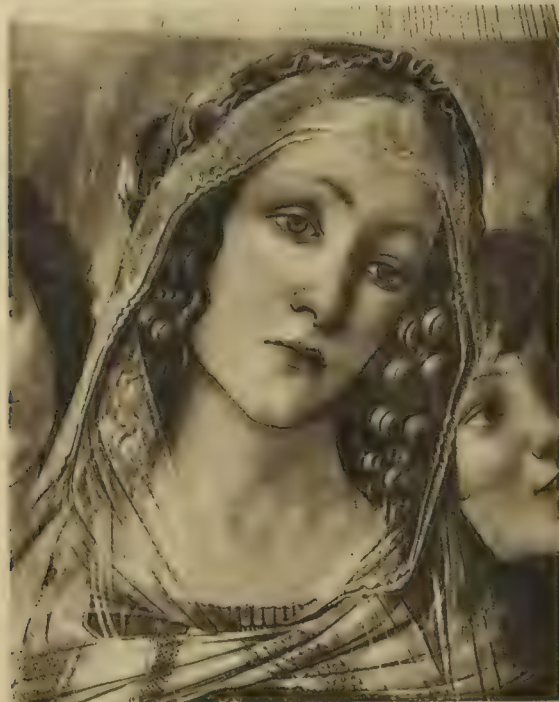


## THE BENSON "MADONNA"

NOW HAILED AS  
UNDOUBTEDLY BY BOTTICELLI.



"MADONNA AND CHILD" DETAIL OF BOTTICELLI'S "MADONNA DEI CANDELABRI" IN BERLIN—THE MADONNA, PARTICULARLY, FOR COMPARISON WITH THE BENSON "MADONNA" IN THE VATICAN.



"MADONNA" DETAIL FROM A BOTTICELLI IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY.



THE MADONNA-LIKE VENUS HEAD IN "THE BIRTH OF VENUS" IN THE UFFIZI.



THE ALTAR-PIECE OF S. BARNABA—NOW IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: A WORK WHOSE "MADONNA AND CHILD" ARE AKIN TO THOSE OF THE BENSON "MADONNA."



MADONNA AND CHILD DETAIL FROM BOTTICELLI'S "VIRGIN AND CHILD ENTHRONED, WITH SAINTS," IN THE ACCADEMIA DI BELLE ARTI, FLORENCE.

IN an article in "L'Illustrazione Vaticana," Signor Amadore Porcella, of the Vatican Gallery, calls attention to what he believes to be an unknown "Madonna" by Botticelli. To prove his case, he makes various valuable comparisons, arguing thus. At one time many pictures were loosely ascribed to Botticelli. Certain of these are mere copies and do not need further comment. Some are by followers of the artist; definitely "School of —." Some—and these are the most difficult to place—owe much to the Master and something to assistants or pupils, or little to the Master and much to assistants or pupils: in other words, they are from Sandro's *bottega* and, therefore, according to custom, were recognised, and fathered by him. The round (*tondo*) in the Borghese Gallery, Rome, is partly by him and partly by sharers of his studio. The reaction that followed the wholesale attribution was inevitable; but it had its excesses. In discarding doubtful Botticellis, over-zealous experts undoubtedly disowned genuine Botticellis. Quite naturally, this caused another reaction, and works that had been assigned to the hands of others were re-assigned to the Master. It is now possible to regard as a reinstated Botticelli the painting from the Benson Collection, London, which is called the Benson "Madonna," and is a treasure of the Vatican Picture Gallery. This must be accepted as being by Botticelli: the composition and the execution are his, and comparison with unquestioned Botticellis proves the paternity. Various other authorities, from Venturi to Van Marle, are in agreement. To examine a few points: the composition is a revival of one previously used by Botticelli—that of the Madonna and Child in the famous altar painting from

[Continued opposite.

## BOTTICELLI "MADONNAS"

FOR COMPARISON  
WITH THE BENSON "MADONNA."



THE S. BARNABA ALTAR-PIECE: A PHOTOGRAPH PUBLISHED TO SHOW DETAILS OF THE MADONNA'S HEAD AND OF THE CHILD'S HAIR WHICH DIFFER FROM THOSE OF THE BENSON "MADONNA."



THE HEAD OF THE MADONNA OF THE "MAGNIFICAT" IN THE UFFIZI.



A "MADONNA" HEAD FROM A BOTTICELLI IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.



## NOW HAILED AS A BOTTICELLI: A MASTERPIECE IN THE VATICAN.

*Continued.]*

S. Barnaba which is now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. This was finished in 1483; the Benson "Madonna" may be dated as of about 1490, for it is in the maturer manner of that "Coronation of the Virgin" which was commissioned by the Arte della Setta for St. Mark's, Florence, in 1488, was completed in 1490, and is now in the Uffizi. The head of the Madonna in the Benson picture is substantially that of Botticelli's usual model—witness the "Birth of Venus" (1478) and the "Primavera"; and also a "Madonna" in the National Gallery, London; the Uffizi's *tondo* of the "Virgin and Child, with Angels," generally known as the "Magnificat" (c. 1482); and, particularly, the "Madonna dei Candelabri" in Berlin (c. 1485—90). Consideration must be paid, too, to the plump Child, which must be compared with that of the S. Barnaba altarpiece. And note detail of the "Calumny of Apelles" in the Uffizi; the small St. Augustine" in the Uffizi, identified by Morelli (c. 1490); and the "Story of Virginia," from the Morelli Collection, now in the Carrara Gallery, Bergamo (c. 1482—1500). Other resemblances pointing to Botticelli are evident in the "Venus" in Berlin (c. 1478), and in other paintings by the Master, works which show the beautiful, slender hands of the Benson "Madonna," the sharp chin, the mouth with projecting lips, the almond-shaped eyes, the characteristic dressing of the hair, and, further, the use of a niche; while in the Child must be remarked the familiar deep line round the wrists, the square-cut nails, and the head sunk between the shoulders.



THE BENSON "MADONNA": A WORK ONCE CATALOGUED ONLY AS "FLORENTINE SCHOOL, XVTH CENTURY"; BUT SINCE ACCEPTED AS BY BOTTICELLI.



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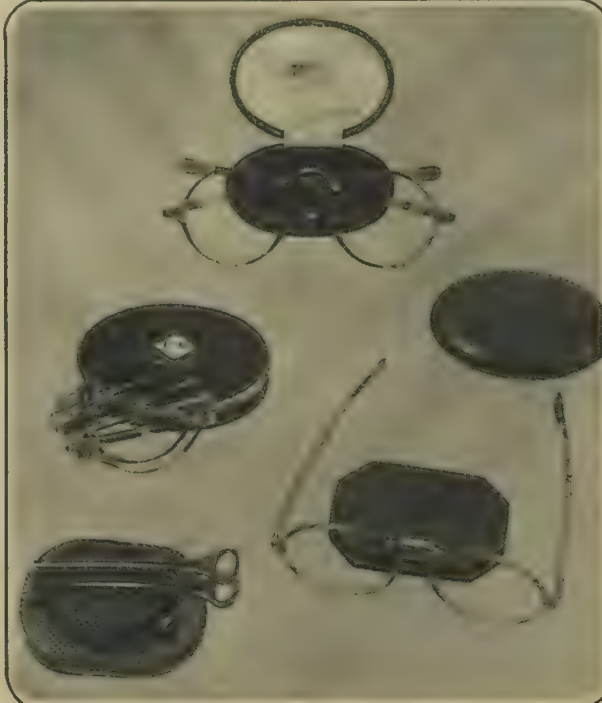


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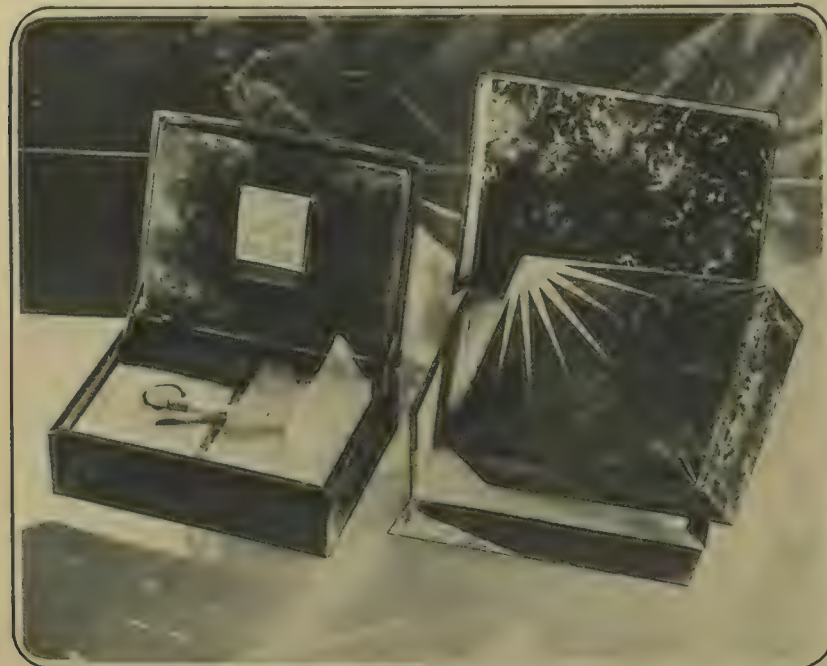
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The hostess must be prepared for any number of uninvited guests at this season. It is always useful to invest in a number of Macfarlane Lang and Company's delicacies, for the "Afternoon Tea" biscuits, "Forfar Shortbread" and "Christmas Dessert" assortments keep very well.





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These are the recollections of an English visitor's holiday in South Africa last year. May we send you our booklet “Radiant Tours”—the new programme of Winter Travel in South Africa? Posted free on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2 or the Leading Tourist Agencies.



## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE NEW ENGLISH MUSIC SOCIETY.

THIS is the fourth season of that excellent institution, the New English Music Society, and as a sign of its growth it has just given the first concert of the present season at the Queen's Hall, whereas in previous seasons the concerts were given in smaller halls. At this concert we had the opportunity of hearing the London Chamber Orchestra, under its conductor, Mr. Anthony Bernard, in a programme of that unhackneyed character which has always distinguished the concerts of the society. Haydn's Symphony No. 95 in C minor, composed in 1791, with which the programme began, was delightfully played. It is not often we hear such a work treated with such precision and delicacy. Also, it must be admitted that Haydn's symphonies gain enormously by being played by a small orchestra of about the size which was customary in his own time. There is, of course, no reason why a large modern orchestra should not play with the unity of spirit, the excellence of ensemble, and the elasticity which music of this kind demands; but there is no doubt that since Wagner, composers have worked with a broader brush and for more melodramatic effects, and our large orchestras seem to be unable to adapt themselves to the more intimate and expressive style of the eighteenth century.

Following the Haydn came Vaughan Williams's "Five Mystical Songs," a setting of five poems by George Herbert for solo baritone, chorus, and orchestra. This is one of Vaughan Williams's most characteristic works. He is very successful in creating an atmosphere appropriate to the words, and I find the second song, "I Got Me Flowers," a most happy effort in the low tones of Vaughan Williams's lyrical, religious style. In this the chorus is used with excellent effect. The least successful of the five songs is the setting of the "Antiphon," in which the note of exaltation is, to my mind, not achieved. The seventeenth century excelled in rapture, and I do not think that the twentieth has yet recaptured it.

### A NEW ENGLISH COMPOSER.

Mr. Lennox Berkeley is a young English composer educated at Oxford and now studying in Paris, who has already had several of his compositions performed in London. A new composition, a Symphony for Strings, was given its first performance by the New

English Music Society, but it does not add much to our hopeful expectations of the composer. Mr. Berkeley has a certain talent for polyphonic construction, and there is an occasional touch of fantasy, as in the Scherzo of the present work, which is encouraging; but, like so many artists nowadays, he seems to have nothing particular to say. There is no effort at expression, nothing striven for or searched after in this work, which runs fluently along in excellent taste with very good workmanship. Personally, I should be more hopeful if the workmanship were worse and one had the impression of an effort at utterance. Nor can one believe that Paris is the place for a young English composer to study composition. The French capital to-day is the home of a cosmopolitan eclecticism and dilettantism in music which the best French minds themselves deplore.

It is to be hoped that the cancellation of the London Symphony Orchestra's visit to Paris, which was made suddenly, to the surprise of its officials and of Sir Thomas Beecham, who was to have conducted it, will only mean a postponement. The Lamoureux Orchestra is to come here, and there should be mutuality in these matters; for civilisation will come to an end if all cultural relations between different countries cease. The London Symphony Orchestra is much improved, and Sir Thomas Beecham has been in excellent form lately, so that it is a pity the French public is not to have an opportunity to hear them.

W. J. TURNER.

How often one wants to jot something down—an engagement, a remark, or an experience! A diary, therefore, is a very useful and acceptable gift to anyone. Charles Letts's diaries are pre-eminently suitable, backed as they are by over a hundred years' experience. Perhaps the most interesting are those with a "special" appeal. The diaries for school-girls and schoolboys include notes on such important subjects as history, French and Latin verbs, and much other information; the Scouts' and Girl Guides' diaries give many useful hints on appropriate matters; the Ladies' Year Book, besides notes on gardening, and household matters, gives the seating plans of London theatres. There are also special diaries for the poultry-keeper, the wireless enthusiast, the gardener, the business man, and the book-lover. Of particular interest to us all at the present time is the British Empire diary, prepared in conjunction with the Royal Empire Society. Range of choice

is thus very wide. Moreover, a Charles Letts diary is bound strongly to enable it to withstand a year's wear and tear, while its efficiency does not detract from its neat appearance.

The fifty-eighth annual edition of Kelly's "Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes"—that for 1932—is now ready. As usual, it is indispensable and edited with the greatest care. Among the features not directly indicated by the general title are "Abbreviations of the Names of Foreign Orders," "Clubs," "Forms of Epistolary Address," "Wearing of Orders, Decorations, and Medals," "Tables of Precedence," and "Foreign Ministers and Consuls."

We are sure our readers will be glad to learn of at least one simple but pleasingly effective way of solving the gift problem for young folk. "A Book of Dragons" (Illustrated Newspapers; 6s.), full of clever and absurd drawings by Alfred Leete, will afford hours of pleasure to any child old enough to shun stupidity and appreciate the many episodes in the life of that engaging little monster, Denny, "Rouge Dragon of the Fiery Breath." We can assure our readers that they need have no fear of introducing Denny into any household this Christmas, for he will be certain of a warm welcome wherever he goes.

Nearly two hundred examples of photographic art in its finest form, comprising an infinite variety of subject and treatment, are exquisitely reproduced in the 1932 edition of "The German Annual of Photography" (*Das Deutsche Lichtbild*), which is published by Messrs. Robert and Bruno Schultz, 12, Schellingstrasse, Berlin, W.9. Anyone in another country desiring a copy is advised by the publishers to order through an agent, whose name they will supply on request, as this is cheaper and quicker than ordering direct from Germany. In a note on the present issue of this excellent work, we read: "The 'Annual' for 1932, the fifth of its kind, shows 192 reproductions, selected from about 70,000 contributions submitted. It would have been easy to fill this volume with 192 most praiseworthy portraits, or 192 landscapes, or 192 animal studies, or 192 nature studies, or even 192 subject photographs. However, we thought it our duty to give a representation of all German photography. So you get once again a lively mixture, which, in its entirety, represents the highest standard of German photographic development to-day."

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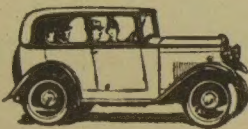
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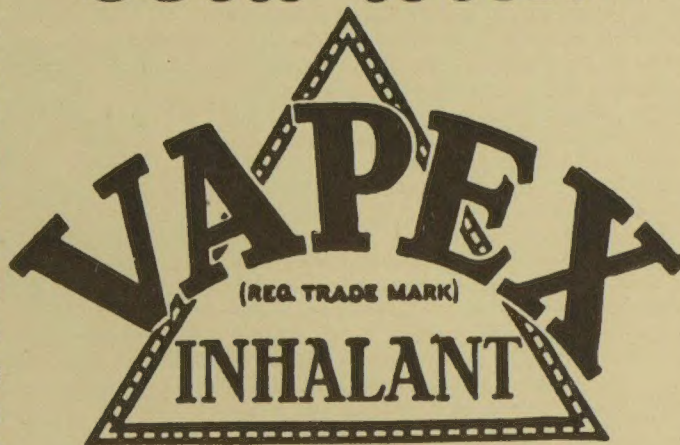
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ENGLISH motor-manufacturers are very modest in the titles which they give to their goods as distinguishing marks. For this trait I am afraid the absurd horse-power tax is responsible. I wonder if the Ministry of Transport ever thinks about the effect this nomenclature has on our export markets? To-day, with the pound at a discount on the Continent, English cars could find a ready sale there if their rating and style were as big as their U.S.A. rivals. At the Brussels Motor Exhibition just closed a friend of mine was asked by 150 dealers, representing every country in Europe, if he could put them in touch with an English car-maker of a 30 h.p., six or eight cylinders, fairly light in weight, but capable of standing being driven all out at sixty miles an hour over *pavé*! And this car would have to compete with Buick, Nash, Studebaker, and Chrysler in price. We do not build that type of car in England, although no one could do it better if our home market handicap of the horse-power tax had not effectually squashed the big engine. That tax and our magnificent roads have lost the British motor industry their chance to-day to sell cars to the Continent, which would readily buy them.

New "Twelve-Six" Austin "Twin-Top." I drove the new 13.9 h.p. Austin "Twelve-Six" saloon 100 miles before lunch one day last week, and found this four-speed, "twin-top" 1932 model excellent in every aspect. The engine has no vibration, the steering is light and immune from road shocks or jarring to the driver, the car sits excellently at speed on the road, and the equipment is certainly *de luxe*. The "silent third" is a most useful gear, and I touched 44 miles an hour on it and 65 miles an hour downhill on top gear. I fancy that when the car I tested had been longer on the road and the natural stiffness worked off, it would be able to attain a speed of 60 miles an hour on a level road. I am sure that both drivers and passengers will willingly pay its price of £235, in place of £225 for the three-speed gear-box *modèle de luxe* of the same rating. Its acceleration is good, and, using the gear-box, one can reach 40 miles an hour in half a minute. The gear-changing is perfectly simple if the driver double-declutches both up and down. One can tour between 40 and 50 miles

an hour with ease and comfort; consequently, the average road speed is high, as the brakes are as efficacious in halting the car quickly as the engine is in

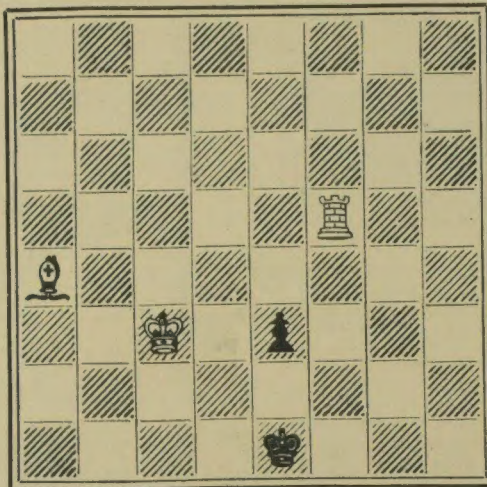
## CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

This little gem was sent to *The Illustrated London News* wishing the Chess Editor and his readers "A Merry Christmas."

PROBLEM No. 4095.—By RUDOLF L'HERMET (SCHONEBECK).  
BLACK (2 pieces).



WHITE (3 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 8:8:8:4R2;B7;2K1P3;8;4k3.]  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

### THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Middlesex is the new champion, having vanquished Warwickshire, in a hard battle at St. Bride's Institute by 7½ to 4½. The result by no means disgraced the losers, as the Metropolitans had a formidable team out, headed by Griffith, Condé, Winter, and Saunders. The Chess Editor of the *Birmingham Post*, Mr. Ritson Morry, playing on board nine, fortified his position as critic and analyst by beating Mr. A. West, and Mr. G. Edwards won a good game from Mr. Saunders.

### RESURRECTION OF TAKACS.

We are delighted to hear that Alexander Takacs is very much alive, and regret having joined the B.C.M. and other respectable authorities in the assassination on paper of the brilliant Hungarian master. The mistake was due to the confusion of his name with that of a well-known tennis-player. We shall expect Takacs, like Odysseus, to return from Cimmeria to fresh exploits against the mighty.

accelerating it. Why it is not called a 14-h.p. car, to represent the annual tax required to be paid in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland, is simply because there are more of the public willing to be attracted by a nominal "twelve" than by an actual 13.9-h.p. rating. Then, when they have a run in it, their delight entices them to forget all about tax—especially as its purchase price is such a small amount for so roomy a four-seater. This new "Twelve-Six" Austin, with its sunshine-roof saloon, bumpers, and leather upholstery, is a distinct acquisition to the present range of Austin cars. Also, the extra gear-ratio provides the driver with the means wanted to obtain the best out of a very willing engine with the minimum of strain to its mechanism. Small cars want four-speed gear-boxes, and this Austin is much improved by its "silent third."

### False Economy Costs Dearly.

I was told the other day that some owner-drivers often boast of the money which they save by buying cheap petrol and cheap oil. Thank goodness none of my motoring friends have come to me with such a tale, as I know that soon afterwards their faces would be long and serious! It is silly to imagine one ever gets more than one pays for—even in these days of cut-throat competition. Cheap petrol is usually "dirty" petrol, and cheap oil is seldom fit for engine-sumps. The worse part of the business is that all lubricating oil looks much the same. It takes a highly qualified chemist to tell whether an oil is good for the work it has to do or not. That is why I always buy a brand which I know is properly refined, and whose blenders have laboratories always working to see that the quality is maintained in the lubricants which are sold under the brand. Bad oil means heavy wear and repair bills. So does cheap (!) petrol in dirty plugs and cylinders. Besides, there is no real economy in paying a low price for such important accessories in motoring. The amount of difference saved in actual cash between good petrol and poor petrol, good oil and poor oil, is perhaps £2 10s. per annum, presuming the same mileage per gallon is done on the lower-priced fuel as on the more expensive spirit and lubricant. For this saving one risks bearings going to pieces, more frequent overhauls, and the car being out of use for longer periods. False economy costs more than it saves in the long run, and this applies especially to motor fuels and lubricants.

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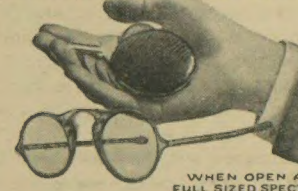


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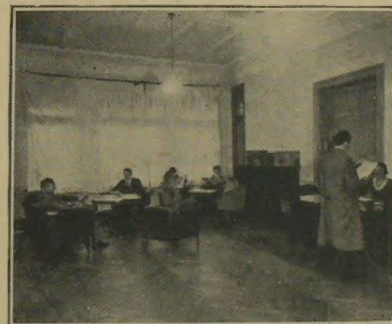
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